

ATRIO OF RATTLING FISTIC CONTESTS

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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A PUGILISTIC ACTRESS.

SHE PUNCHES TWICE A COMEDIAN WHO MADE AN OBJECTIONABLE REMARK, AT BOSTON, MASS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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Look Out for This Fraud!

GRAY CREEK, Cal., January 8, '95.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Yours of recent date received. In reply will say that this man Shaw was here some time ago. He told me he was going to Fort Worth, Tex. He also tried to sell me the GAZETTE, but I did not like his appearance, and did not subscribe. I have notified all police of this vicinity, but have no returns. His description is as follows: Tall, slender, uses pure language, very polite; Roman nose and has side whiskers, chin shaved smooth and rather sharp nose; tan shoes when here. Has gone southeast without doubt. Hoping you will succeed in his capture.

Respectfully, E. COLLINS, City Marshal.

The party referred to and described as above is a swindler, and should be handed over to the police.



PUBLIC INTEREST IN PUGILISM.

Pugilism seems to have sprung into a new lease of life recently, judging from the amount of interest taken in the trio of boxing contests, which are described at length and illustrated elsewhere in our columns. Although all three affairs were eminently successful from a financial standpoint, yet one must deplore the cupidity that prompted a broken-down pugilist to enter into a contest with a much younger and better-equipped adversary.

Some have sought to lay the blame in this matter at the door of the Seaside Athletic Club, but it is a grievous error. This sporting organization has always maintained a high standard of probity that has hitherto been unquestioned. All the matches they have made have been executed in perfect faith, and with the tacit understanding that both men would enter the ring altogether fit for the fray.

At the same time, if one of the contestants chooses to disregard all laws of training, neglects to take proper care of himself, and on the night of the fight enters the ring in a condition that would make him a proper subject for some inebriated home, the club can scarcely be censured. It is not expected to keep track of the movements of all the various contestants, and it has to be guided solely by the amount of faith it reposes in the participants.

The Ryan-Dempsey fight, however, was more than offset by the contest between those clever boxers, George Dixon and Young Griffo, which was a thoroughly enjoyable bout. At Galveston, Tex., on the same night, Dan Creedon and Herman Bernau fought a hard battle. The accounts of these different fights have been fully dwelt upon by our sporting editor, and the accompanying illustrations will be found to be life-like, as well as accurate.

EXTRA!

BOTH FOUGHT WELL.

The Dixon and Griffo Contest Ended in a Draw.

TWENTY-FIVE ROUNDS.

The Colored Champion Was the Aggressor.

MORE CLEVER THAN ROUGH

"Kid" Madden Gets up Against a Very Hard Game.

DUNN OUTPOINTED FRED WOODS.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

If George Dixon failed to vanquish Albert Griffo, better known as Young Griffo, he demonstrated last Saturday night that he is the pugilistic peer of that individual and at even weights is capable of beating him. The fight took place under the auspices of the Seaside Athletic Club and was, from beginning to end of the twenty-five rounds, one of the cleverest and most interesting affairs of the kind that has ever taken place within the Coney Island arena. Dixon, who only weighed 126 pounds, conceded ten or twelve pounds to his opponent although the latter said he tipped the scales at 129 pounds.

The fight was a continuous succession of clever feints, rapid exchanges, leads and uppercuts. Both lads showed to advantage, Griffo in his cleverness in evading the terrible punishment that his darker opponent seemed determined to administer. He outboxed Dixon, too, but his inability to hit hard saved Dixon from receiving an awful punishment. Dixon's forte was his aggressiveness. He was the first to lead in almost every attack and he changed his tactics often enough to disconcert the antipodean. His rushes in many instances, were ill-timed and this accounted for his seeming wildness.

It was evident from the delay in filling up the vast amphitheatre that the patrons of the club had not forgotten the deplorable incident of the night before. The old time sports whose faces are conspicuous on all occasions of this sort were present of course. They got down early, and found their seats and proceeded at once to discuss the Dempsey-Ryan affair. Twenty-four hours of sublime contemplation had rather changed the sentiment of the crowd, and there was a decided tendency to extend sympathy to Dempsey and forgive his disgraces. The whole blame was concentrated upon his advisers and attendants for permitting him to go into the ring in the condition he was in. Eight o'clock came and went, and the big enclosure presented a dreary, deserted appearance. The late trains from New York and Brooklyn, however, soon brought the belated ones, and by the time the first of the preliminary bouts was put on 3,000 spectators had put in an appearance.

Rumors of a disagreement about the selection of a referee were prevalent. Hugh Rehan, backer and manager of Young Griffo, remembering how his protégé got the worst of the decision, was determined to have an official to his satisfaction. He claimed that the betting indicated to him that Griffo was booked for a defeat. An attempt was made to conciliate him, but without avail until just before the men entered the ring he agreed to have Tim Hurst referee the fight.

Dixon was the first to enter the ring. Enveloped in the generous folds of a brown blanket robe, he jumped gaily into the ring, followed by his second, Tom O'Rourke, Morris Kelly and Jack Havlin. His chocolate skin reflected the rays of the electric lights, and it was plain to be seen that he had not neglected his training. Like the old campaigner that he is, he took his chair in the southeast corner of the ring, and while waiting for his opponent to put in an appearance he smiled confidently and chatted gaily with his friends at the ringside.

While Griffo was getting ready the betting men got in their fine work, putting the money out at 100 to 80, Dixon being the favorite.

Griffo soon came along with his attendants, Mick Dunn, Paddy Gorman and Benny Murphy. As he took his seat in his corner a huge floral horseshoe, bearing the card of the Lafayette Social Club, of Philadelphia, was passed through the ropes to him.

No time was wasted in preliminaries after the referee had instructed them as to how they must fight. Then the bell rang and the fight began.

ROUND 1—Dixon was the first to break ground and landed his right on the side of the Australian's face. Griffo was slow and cautious and his first blow was a well-measured jab that caught the colored champion flush on the nose. The latter only smiled. The fighting then became hard. Both waited for leads and ex-

changes and Dixon kidding the Australian, who seemed surprised at Dixon's antics. The latter delivered several good blows, but was wild and lost many opportunities to land.

ROUND 2—Griffo put a hard one onto Dixon's nose and the latter bowed and smiled his acknowledgements. Griffo tried for the face again but before he could land Dixon was on top of him raining a succession of hard blows.

ROUND 3—They sparred cautiously for a second or two, and Griffo took the initiative and catching Dixon near the ropes began to give him his right and left on the body. Dixon's good nature was the only thing that kept him in touch with the crowd. Griffo punched him at will but Dixon's counters were well directed. The hard work began to tell on both and they began to puff.

ROUND 4—Griffo was the aggressor. He got his left home on Dixon's chin and received a body counter. The Australian's right landed on Dixon's left eye and it soon began to puff perceptibly. Then Griffo got home a terrible left-hand blow on Dixon's jaw. He tried his left for Griffo's stomach which the latter stopped cleverly. Dixon was wild, and just as the bell struck he received a hard one on the jaw.

ROUND 5—Griffo's cleverness soon enabled him to reach Dixon's jaw, and his right went at his heart. There was an anxious look on Dixon's face. Griffo landed right and left while Dixon continually swung his right, trying to reach Griffo's jaw. The latter divined his purpose and avoided it cleverly. Dixon then changed his tactics, and reached Griffo's stomach with his left. He tried it again successfully three times, and finally got his left on the jaw.

ROUNDS 6 AND 7 were marked by clever exchanges. The conspicuous features were a clever stop by Dixon of a left-handed swing by Griffo, that had it landed might have terminated the fight. Griffo resorted to tricky work, and used his left forearm to advantage on Dixon's mouth and chin whenever the two got to close quarters. Griffo planted a hard one on the side of Dixon's head just as the bell rang.

ROUND 8—Dixon began hostilities by landing two left-handed sockdolagers on Griffo's side, the latter countered with a hard one on the side of the head. A more clever even fight had never been seen by the spectators, and they applauded every blow of the contending fighters. Griffo got Dixon in his own corner, and punched him freely with both right and left hands. The latter got out of the box by swinging his left on Griffo's cheek.

ROUND 9—Dixon went at the Australian as soon as the bell was rung, and reached Griffo's jaw with his right. Both began to feel the effects of the hard work they had been engaged in, and sparred cautiously. Dixon was the first to resume the fighting, and began to swing on the jaw again. Griffo ducked away from most of them, and did some effective countering.

ROUND 10—More cautious sparring. Dixon got home a left-hand swing on the body, Griffo countering on the jaw. Griffo landed on Dixon's face and sent him spinning around the ring. Dixon's right reached Griffo's heart. Griffo ducked to avoid a stiff left-hander and brought his right up into his opponent's stomach. Exchanges were plentiful, and honors thus far were in Dixon's favor.

ROUNDS 11 AND 12—Neither anxious to enact the role of aggressor. They sparred cleverly, Dixon reaching the Australian's jaw with his left, and was countered on the stomach. Griffo's side was sore from the effects of the punishment that the colored lad administered. Griffo attempted to duck, and again was caught by Dixon's nasty left full on the nose.

ROUNDS 13, 14, 15, 16 AND 17—Some mighty clever exchanges took place, Griffo frequently putting his left on the colored lad's jaw, and the latter jabbing his right into his opponent's stomach. Dixon swung right and left, but failed to land. His next essay was a swinging blow that reached Griffo's waistband, causing the Australian to jump two feet into the air.

ROUND 18—The spectators applauded Dixon as he left his corner. Griffo yet smiled in a confident way as they squared off again. Dixon resumed his swinging tactics and finally he landed an effective one on Griffo's left ear. Griffo worked the black boy over to the ropes and put a stiff right on his damaged optic.

ROUND 19—Both of Dixon's eyes were puffed up and black and his left showed unmistakable signs of closing. He had orders to work quickly and his rushes dashed his opponent, but the latter straightened him up with straight left and right jabs in the face. Griffo missed a terrific uppercut by a hair. The exchanges were many and at the close both men were weak and tired.

ROUND 20—After a brief spell of clever feinting Dixon put his left lightly in Griffo's face. He followed it with a straight left on the nose and a swinging right on the side.

ROUND 21—A light punch reached Dixon's nose. The latter rushed in and swinging both right and left. Neither blow landed. Dixon began to force matters again; soon had his opponent dodging around the ropes.

ROUND 22—The round was opened by Griffo landing his right on Dixon's damaged optic. The latter retaliated with two attempts to land on Griffo's face but the latter ducked under them very cleverly.

ROUNDS 23 AND 24—It was evident that both men were determined to wind the fight up in a blaze of glory; both started into rush and the exchanges were rapid but ineffective. Dixon sent his left onto Griffo's ribs and followed it by rushing the latter clear across the ring. Honors were pretty even at this juncture.

ROUND 25 AND LAST—Dixon sprang onto his opponent as soon as the bell rang but the latter clinched and held the black boy fast. When they separated Dixon rushed again but was met by a stiff punch that reached his eye. Dixon dodged a left-hand punch that was aimed at his nose. The round closed with both men clinched and fighting at short range.

Considerable interest was manifested in the preliminary bouts, the first of which was a six-round affair between Fred Woods of Philadelphia, and Mick Dunn of Australia, at 150 pounds. Tim Hurst officiated in the capacity of referee.

Woods, who is a short, stockily-built fellow, seemed undaunted by the reputation of his adversary, and became the aggressor from the time the bell was rang. The first round was replete with hard exchanges, Woods delivering a hard right-hand swing on the side of Dunn's head. The second round found Woods making a mark of the Australian. A right-hand punch in the jaw and a jab in the stomach made Dunn a little anxious, and the round closed in the Philadelphian's favor. Clever exchanges marked the third round. The rapid work began to tell on Woods, and he showed signs of distress from the body punches that Dunn had delivered. Hard punishment was inflicted on both

sides, and when the round closed honors were even. A hard punch over Dunn's heart opened the fourth round, and the latter countered heavily on his opponent's jaw. Woods fought with bulldog courage through the fifth round, in which he was the receiver-general. Dunn opened the round with a hard punch on the jab, which staggered Woods. A hard punch on the nose brought the blood from Woods. In the sixth round Woods tried to recover some of his lost ground and fought fast and desperately, but his effort was made too late. The honors were awarded to Dunn.

The second of the preliminary bouts brought a new aspirant to the front in the person of Ed Vaughn, of Trenton, N. J. His opponent was the indomitable young Brooklynite, Jack Madden. Vaughn appeared to be a cool-headed and clever boxer. He seemed dazed in the first round by Madden's rapid execution, and took quite a few stiff punches in the second round before he awakened to the task before him; he then cut loose and landed a few hard blows that started Madden guessing. Twice he landed a stiff round-arm swing on the young Brooklynite's jaw that convinced him of the danger of taking liberties. The latter evaded punishment by sprinting around the ring, while the spectators hissed. In the third round the exchanges were rapid and hard. A hard punch on the nose brought the blood in streams from Vaughn's nose.

The captain of police at the close of the round told Hurst to stop the bout, but subsequently altered his determination. The fifth round was permitted to proceed for two minutes and fifteen seconds, when the bout was stopped. The honors were awarded to Madden, but Vaughn has the satisfaction of knowing that he tested the victor's capabilities better than they have ever been tested before.

Young Griffo's Fighting Record.

Alfred Griffiths, or Young Griffo, as he is better known, was born at Sydney, New South Wales. He is 25 years of age, and has been boxing for the last thirteen years. He considers his best battle to be the one in which he fought 75 rounds to a draw with Pluto, at Melbourne, Australia, shortly before coming to this country to get on a match. He fought two draws after that with the same man, one of 8 and the other of 25 rounds. He won the 140-pound tournament at Sydney by defeating Samuel Matthews. He also won the 10-stone tournament at Melbourne. At Sydney he defeated the following men: Robert O'Neil, in 15 rounds; James Dempsey, in 14 rounds; George McKenzie, in 15 rounds; James McCloud, 2 rounds; Michael McCarthy, 3 rounds; George Godfrey, 3 rounds; Sandy Ross, 4 rounds; James Lane, 4 rounds; Patrick Moran, 13 rounds; George Powell, 10 rounds; William Murphy, 16 rounds, and again in 22 rounds; Young Holden, 7 rounds; David Oakes, 4 rounds; Happy Willis, 3 rounds; Dr. Patterson, twice; James Frances, 7 rounds; Martin Denny, 25 rounds; Jeremiah Marshall, twice, the first time in 12 rounds, and the next in 3 rounds. At Melbourne, beside his three draws with Pluto, he fought an 8-round draw with Patrick McShane, 8 rounds with a boxer named Peaks. While in San Francisco Griffo defeated Edward Graney in 3 rounds. In Chicago he met Thomas White, and fought an 8-round draw, and in the same city fought draws with George Lavigne, 8 rounds; Isaac Weir, 3 rounds; Solomon Smith, 6 rounds, and John Van Heest, 6 rounds. At Boston he fought 8 rounds with John Griffin, and the same number of rounds with William Murphy, and a 20-round draw with George Dixon. Griffo in Philadelphia has met Walter Campbell in a 4-round draw, and has defeated William McCarthy in 4 rounds; John Hanley, in 4 rounds, and Walter Edgerton in 4 rounds. Edward Loeber stood before Griffo 1 minute and 10 seconds at Coney Island. He fought 10 rounds with Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion, at Coney Island, and McAuliffe was given the decision.

America's Great Featherweight.

George Dixon, the clever colored boxer, is one of the few pugilists who ever won a prize fight in England while battling as the representative of the United States. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 29, 1871, and stands 5 feet 3 inches in height. His great grandfather was a white man and Dixon married a white girl. Prior to becoming a boxer he was a photographer. The battle in England was with Wallace, the featherweight champion. It was fought on June 27, 1890, before the Pelican Club of London. The club put up a purse of \$1,500 and allowed Dixon \$500 for expenses. Eighteen rounds were fought, occupying one hour and ten minutes. Dixon knocked his man out and was given the decision. His battle with John Murphy, a protégé of Jacob Kilrain, came off on October 23, 1890, before the Gladstone Athletic Club of Providence, R. I. The fight was with small gloves for a purse of \$1,500, at 115 pounds, and according to "Police Gazette" rules. It lasted forty rounds. Murphy's seconds threw up the sponge in token of defeat. Dixon lost but one battle and that was on a fool to George Wright of Canada. His victories can be counted by the score, and among the principal ones are Johnson, at Halifax, N. S., 3 rounds; Young Mack, 5 rounds; John Lyman, 5 rounds; Charles Parton, 6 rounds; Bernard Finnegan, 7 rounds; Edward Morris, 4 rounds; James Bracken, 4 rounds; Patrick Kelly, 10 rounds; Thomas Doherty, 10 rounds; William James, 3 rounds; Eugene Hornbacker, 2 rounds; John Cary, 4 rounds; Joseph Farrell, 4 rounds; Patrick Kearney, 4 rounds; Cal McCarthy, 22 rounds; J. Allen, 2 rounds; Rosebud, 3 rounds; Leeds Andrews, 4 rounds; W. Dyson, 3 rounds; Nicholas Collins, 4 rounds; Abraham Willis, 5 rounds; Frederic Johnson, 14 rounds; John Skelly, 8 rounds; Elias Hamilton, at Boston, 8 rounds. He has tried conclusions with William Plimmer, Edward Pierce and Solomon Smith, and fought draw battles with Thomas Dougherty, Brennan, Thomas Kelly, Cal McCarthy, 70 rounds; Frank Maguire, and last summer in Boston, a twenty-round draw with Griffo.

TWO ROUNDS ENOUGH FOR BERNAU.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

Dan Creedon, the big Australian protégé of Col. J. D. Hopkins, evened up his last defeat by polishing off the big Texan, Herman Bernau, with hands down, in a little less than two rounds at Galveston, Texas, Saturday night. The fight was under the auspices of the Galveston Athletic Club and was for gate receipts.

THREE OF A KIND.

Extremely handsome Colored Prize Ring Pictures—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett and Mitchell; Corbett and Jackson; size 16½x23 inches each. Suitable for framing. All three mailed to your address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, N. Y.

\$1,000 REWARD

\$500 will be paid for the return of the "Police Gazette" Heavyweight Championship Belt, stolen at Davenport, Ia., November 11; an additional \$500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

EXTRA!

DEMPSEY'S LAST FIGHT

He Makes a Pitiful Exhibition of Himself Before Ryan.

HIS HUMANE OPPONENT

Only Hit the Ex-Nonpareil One Hard Blow.

THE TWO OTHER FIGHTS.

Jerry Marshall Gave Jimmy Dime a Hot Argument.

PATTERSON BEAT "MANLY'S COON."

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

Four thousand hopeful patrons of sport journeyed to Coney Island last Friday night, to witness the fight that was "carded" for decision under the auspices of the Seaside Athletic Club. The same four thousand returned disappointed, dejected and sore, after witnessing the most pitiful exhibition that has taken place in conjunction with fistie sport since Sullivan's memorable battle with Corbett. Jack Dempsey disappointed the hopes of his friends and forfeited all claim upon the affections of the sporting public, by presenting himself in no condition to meet Tommy Ryan of Chicago, in their long anticipated battle for the welterweight championship.

The battle was originally arranged to take place at New Orleans, on the night subsequent to Andy Bowen's unfortunate death, but the city authorities forbade the Auditorium Club to open its doors, and the match was declared off for the nonce.

It were better for Dempsey had all negotiations ended there, but fate willed it to be otherwise, and his splendid career terminated in an exhibition that was as disgraceful as it could possibly be. Dempsey's many local friends were anxious to see the old favorite redeem himself, but they were considerably in the dark as to his physical condition. Reports that he had not been taking very good care of himself had been circulated by persons who claimed to know what they were talking about. Dempsey's intimate friends emphatically asserted that Jack had trained faithfully for the mill.

In Ryan it was generally admitted that Dempsey would meet a rival hard to beat. The Chicago boy has the reputation of being a wonderfully scientific boxer and as game as the proverbial pebble. He had won so many important fights that he was regarded as almost unconquerable, and consequently the "fancy" offered odds of 2 to 1 on his chances. Parson Davies said that his protégé was in superb shape and ready to fight for his life.

The arena was comfortably filled with sporting people who had paid all the way from one dollar to ten for the seats they occupied.

Dempsey's popularity brought out a big delegation of the old brigade, and many notable sports were seen in the boxes and arena seats. Among them were Billy Hayes, Billy Edwards, W. H. Struse, Sam Fitzpatrick, Frank Abraham, Arthur Coleman, Ridge Levein, Jim Lavelle, Charley White, Mo. Dinklespiel, George Forbes, "Judge" Newton, Liney Tracy, Harry Dime, Frank Abrams, Denny Butler, Doc Chambers, Jimmy Carroll, Paddy Gorman, Frank Creamer, Doc Hurd, Harry Mason, John Dalton, Geo. Burrell, Hughy Behan, Jack Norton, Billy Sellick, Fatty Langtry, Sparrow Robertson, Billy Renn, J. C. Kennedy, Eddie Pigeon, Dave Holland, Dolly Merrill, Maxey Moore, Walter Schlichter, Ians Wilson, Johnny Reagan, Charley Horan, Jack Adler, Jim McCabe, Martin Cowan, Barney Rourke, Jack Landon, Tommy Kelly, Honest John Kelly, Verney Barton, Pat Powers, Marcus Mayer, Charley Deacon, Joe Choyinski, Jack Fogarty, Fred Burns, Doc McDonough, Billy Lakeland, Geo. Primrose, Billy West, Snapper Garrison, Alf Lakeland, Jimmy Wakely, J. H. Thorley, Gus Tutthill, Macon McCormick, Johnny Clark, Jimmy McHale, J. J. Quinn, George Dixon, Col. Joe Eakins, Solly Smith, Jack Everhardt, Fred Alexander, Billy Brady, Owen Ziegler, Frank White, Warren Lewis, Frank Stevenson, Pat McCarrin, Martin Dowling, Benny Murphy, Raymon Moore, Geo. Dobson, Johnny Van Heest, Yeaie, the Hungarian violinist; Neise Innis, Dan Saunders, Jerry Mahoney, Billy Cleary, Frank Moran, Mick Dunn, Phil Lynch, Lowery Marks, Johnny Ward, Ben Cohen, Ike Thompson, Jack Kirby and numerous others.

The decision of two incidental contests whetted the appetites of the sports for the main attraction. Dempsey's failure to reach the club house at the time specified necessitated some delay and the interm was taken advantage of by the sports who wanted to bet. The tempting odds of 2 to 1 on Ryan brought out a lot of money from the pockets of Dempsey's friends, which the Chicagoans greedily covered.

Ryan was the first to enter the ring. He looked in splendid form. His complexion was as clear as a bell and his pompadour hair erect as a lightning rod. He stripped in magnificent shape, his muscles standing out like whipcords and his skin showing every sign of

health. He smiled and bowed to the crowd as he sat down in his corner. He weighed 145 pounds. After the crowd had sized him up they looked for Dempsey, but he came not. Ryan was attended in the ring by Joe Choyinski, Mick Dunn, George Siddons and Harry Pigeon, his seconds. Parson Davies took a seat near the corner to act as Ryan's chief adviser.

After a delay of fifteen minutes a cheer announced the appearance of the once great favorite. As he climbed into the ring he was loudly applauded. His face appeared to be drawn, and he wore a mustache that made him look unnatural. He fidgeted nervously as he went to the loser's corner and took a long pull at a bottle. He said he weighed 142 pounds. When he was introduced he was wildly cheered.

The bell was then rung and hostilities began.

ROUND 1—They sparred lightly. Ryan put his left on the neck weakly. He was quick as a flash, and played all around the ex-champion. Dempsey smiled as he missed a left, and then Ryan jabbed left and right on the head. Dempsey was so slow and apparently helpless that there were cries of "Take him off." The round was a farce.

ROUND 2—The crowd began to leave the building as the men came up. Ryan took things easy for a second or two and then punched Jack lightly in the face. Dempsey rallied and tried to swing, but Ryan only clinched and laughed. Ryan on the break hit Jack hard on the neck and Dempsey tottered. Ryan kept away from his man out of mercy, and then, as the crowd hissed, Ryan jabbed the poor old Nonpareil in the jaw and he fell to the floor. Jack got up but the bell saved him.

ROUND 3—Ryan just played with Dempsey as a cat would toy with a mouse. He danced a jig in front of him and punched him lightly when and where he

round, and did all the leading and nearly all the landing in the third round. In the fourth and fifth rounds, however, he got in some effective punishment. Marshall was the aggressor in the eighth round and pursued the same tactics in the ninth. Acting under instructions, Dime cut loose in the concluding round, which was altogether a fierce one. He resorted to left hand tactics, and the right-hand swing did the negro no good. It was clearly Dime's contest, and the decision of Referee Tim Hurst in his favor was vociferously applauded.

Tommy Ryan's Victorious Career.

Thomas Ryan hails from Newark, N. J., where he was born January 1, 1870. He is 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and when in fighting condition weighs from 137 to 140 pounds. Ryan was 17 years of age when he fought his first battle, which was to a finish, with two-ounce gloves. His opponent was Joseph Johnson, of Marion, Mich., and Ryan knocked him out in the fifth round. He next fought Richard England, of Muskegon, Mich., at Lake City. Two-ounce gloves were used and England went down in the twenty-third round. At Detroit, subsequently, Martin Shaughnessy was defeated by Ryan in the twenty-third round. He next fought Michael Dunn. The battle came off in Detroit, and was fought with kid gloves. Dunn was defeated in the ninth round. Ryan tried conclusions with Martin Shaughnessy again in Detroit. Kid gloves were used. After fighting fifty-two rounds the battle was stopped by interference, and the referee decided it a draw. Ryan fought twice with James Murphy, of Grand Rapids, Mich. In the first battle Murphy was knocked out in the fifty-seventh round, and at the second meeting Murphy succumbed in the second round. He defeated Christ Christopher in ten rounds, Henry Baker in three rounds,

two and, according to the agreement, he was to give Dempsey \$40 out of the \$100 purse if he made a good showing. After fighting 34 rounds, McDonald, who was a badly punished and almost defeated man, became so enraged at his failure to overcome a novice, that he grappled with Dempsey and attempted to push him through a window. A claim of foul was made by the backer and second of Dempsey, and Robert Smith, the referee, realizing that McDonald was beaten and had committed the foul with malicious intent, awarded the decision to Dempsey.

Dempsey's next fight was with John Boylan of New York, a clever young Irish boxer, on August 14, 1883, the ring being pitched on the green grass in front of Harry Hill's pavilion at Flushing Bay. The battle lasted twenty-three rounds and the time was twenty-six minutes, at the end of which Boylan was terribly punished. On September 3 of the same year he fought Harry Force with gloves for \$100 a side and under great difficulties. During the fight both men were arrested. The case was quashed for want of sufficient evidence to convict. Three days later Dempsey was to have met John Boylan again, but the police arrested both men and they were sent to jail in default of \$1,000, which was furnished on the following day. A meeting took place between the two men on October 15 of the same year and Boylan was defeated in the sixth round. On November 25, 1883, Dempsey fought eight rounds with Robert Turnbull before the New York Athletic Club for a purse of \$300. The referee decided the contest a draw, which gave great dissatisfaction, because Dempsey had the best of the fight from start to finish. January 15, 1884, in New York City, Dempsey fought William Mahoney and knocked him out in the third round. He fought Joseph Hennessey on January 26 of the same year and beat him in four rounds. February 14, 1884, at a benefit given to Dempsey in Madden's Athletic hall, in East Thirtieth street, New York, James Barry attempted to stand up for four rounds, but he was knocked out in the third.

Dempsey then issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 130 pounds for \$500 to \$1,000 a side, and backed it up with a forfeit which was placed in the hands of Richard K. Fox. The challenge was accepted by William Dacey of Greenpoint, and the battle was fought on March 6, 1884, at Campbell's Hotel, Coney Island. At the end of the ninth round Dacey pulled off his gloves and gave up the fight. On April 25 of the same year, he fought a six round draw with Joseph Heiser, Jr., under "Police Gazette" rules. George Full, James of Toronto, challenged Dempsey to fight for \$1,000 a side. After four attempts to bring off the match the men met early in the morning of July 30, on a sandy beach near New York City. After twenty-two rounds of hard fighting, Barney Aaron, one of Full-lanes' seconds, threw up the sponge. After defeating Michael Dempsey at Rockaway Beach on September 4, in seven rounds, and fighting a draw lasting the same number of rounds with James Ryan on September 15, for \$1,200 and gate receipts, Dempsey, on October 23, met Robert Turnbull again, this time in William Madden's Athletic Hall, where, after eight rounds of hard fighting, during which Turnbull was terribly punished, the referee decided in Dempsey's favor. He next fought six rounds with Thomas Henry of England, at the Eighth Street Theatre, New York, for a stake of \$1,000, and defeated him.

Dempsey's fight with John Fogarty, of Philadelphia, for \$3,000 occurred in New York city, on February 2, 1886. In the twenty-seventh round Fogarty's seconds threw up the sponge and Dempsey was declared the victor. Peter McCoy, of Boston, soon after challenged Dempsey to fight six rounds under Queensberry rules. At the end of the sixth round Dempsey had so much the best of it that the referees agreed to give him the decision. His next battle was on September 12, 1885, with Thomas Norton, the champion of Sacramento, who was beaten in the fourth round. On January 13, 1886, at Portland, Ore., he knocked out Thomas Barry in the fifth round. He easily defeated James Murray in four rounds in New York city.

Dempsey's battle with George La Blanche, the Marine, for \$3,500, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the middleweight championship of the world, was fought at Larchmont, on February 7, 1886. The contest lasted thirteen rounds. La Blanche, who was terribly punished, was carried to his corner and Professor O'Neill, the referee, gave the fight to the champion. On November 12 of the same year Dempsey fought John Burke in Mechanic's pavilion, San Francisco, ten rounds to a draw. Every sporting man remembers Dempsey's great battle with John Reagan for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the middleweight championship of the world. In the forty-fifth round Reagan's backers threw up the sponge. On January 31, 1888, he defeated Dominick McCaffrey in a ten-round bout at Pavia rink, Jersey City. His next battle was with Professor Michael Donovan, and the referee decided the contest a draw. Dempsey then fought his memorable battle with Fitzsimmons, referred to above. Dempsey's last fight was with William McCarthy, at New Orleans, which he won. The ex-champion has for a long time been the physical instructor of the Portland, Ore., Athletic Club, in which locality he is esteemed highly.

FITZSIMMONS INDICTED.

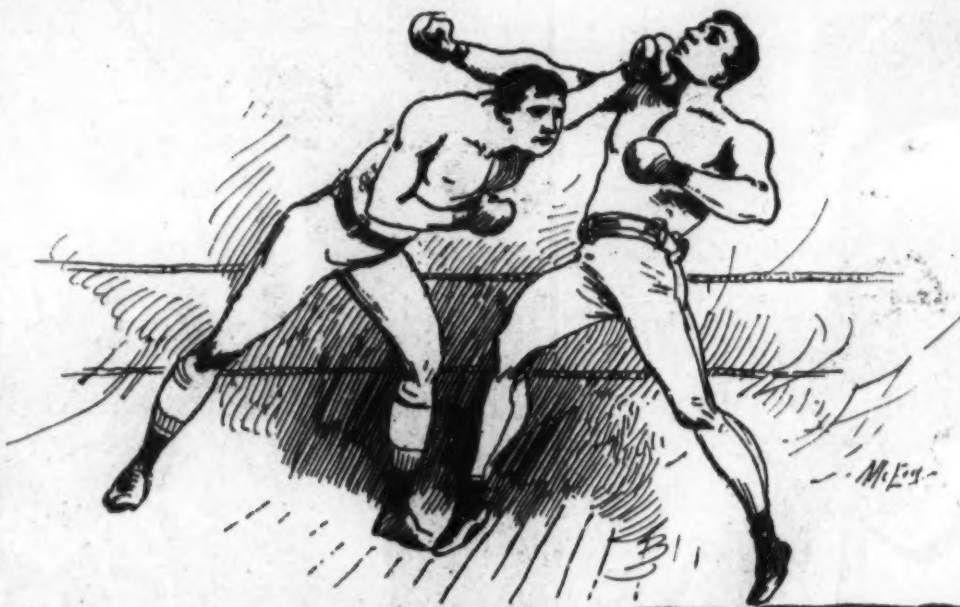
The Grand Jury of Onondago County, New York, sitting at Syracuse, on Friday last, returned an indictment of manslaughter in the first degree against Pugilist Robert Fitzsimmons for the killing of his sparring partner, Con Riordan, in an exhibition at the Jacobs Opera House, Nov. 17.

The Coroner's Jury which investigated the death of Riordan exonerated Fitzsimmons, and it was thought the verdict would be endorsed by the Grand Jury.

W. A. BRADY, the enterprising manager and partner of Champion James J. Corbett, was among the callers at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week. He was shown through the establishment by Richard K. Fox, and the young manager opened his eyes with astonishment at the magnitude of the facilities for printing the greatest sporting paper in the world. "Wonderful! wonderful!" was all he could say to express his surprise. Mr. Brady is making every endeavor to recover the "Police Gazette" heavyweight championship trophy, which was stolen while Corbett was playing in Davenport, Ia.

GOOD? "YOU BET!"

"Her Love Her Kula." By Adolph Belot, the celebrated French writer. No. 3 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, created a sensation in Paris. With 89 illustrations drawn by special artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



RYAN'S ONLY BLOW DURING THE FIGHT—WHERE THE FIGHTS WERE HELD.

pleased. Jack tried to rally, but his efforts were painful. Cries of "Stop it!" on all sides soon caused the referee to put an end to the farce by deciding in favor of Ryan.

After the announcement was made that the referee had stopped the fight and given Ryan the decision, Dempsey walked over to the press stand and, in a voice not altogether steady, said:

"Gentlemen, this was to have been a 15-round contest. I am not in any way injured, and could have fought that way all night. Ryan could not put me out in a week."

It is feared by many of Dempsey's close friends that his mind is seriously affected, and the referee's action in bringing the bout to an abrupt conclusion was applauded on all sides.

In the history of pugilism no such reputation as Jack Dempsey had was ever lost in such a humiliating way. While he had no chance against the giant Fitzsimmons at the time of their engagement at New Orleans, he showed such generalship and gameness that his friends were satisfied that many a good fight was left in him. Sullivan lost his laurels to a boxer of the Dempsey type, but he was mentally sound at the time, and can only attribute his defeat to the fact that his opponent was the better man.

The show opened with a bout between Sammy Campbell and Frank Patterson, both of whom are pretty well known in Williamsburg. Patterson had apparently a very easy thing of it, and it was no surprise when the referee gave him the decision.

In the second bout Jerry Marshall, the colored Australian boxer, and Jimmy Dime of Amsterdam, were the participants. So far as the hostilities in the first round were concerned Marshall had a marked advantage. Dime redeemed himself somewhat in the second

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

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John McInerney in five rounds, John Harper (colored) in four rounds, Con Doyle in twenty-six rounds, and in the third round knocked out Edward Bartlett, who fought a draw with James Carroll. On July 30, 1892, he fought with John Wilks, for a purse of \$3,000. The fight came off in South Omaha, and was stopped by the police in the seventeenth round. The referee decided it a draw. The time of the fight was one hour and six minutes. Ryan fought a draw at Coney Island with William Smith and another in Boston. His last fight with Smith was in Minneapolis, and he won it.

Jack Dempsey's Record.

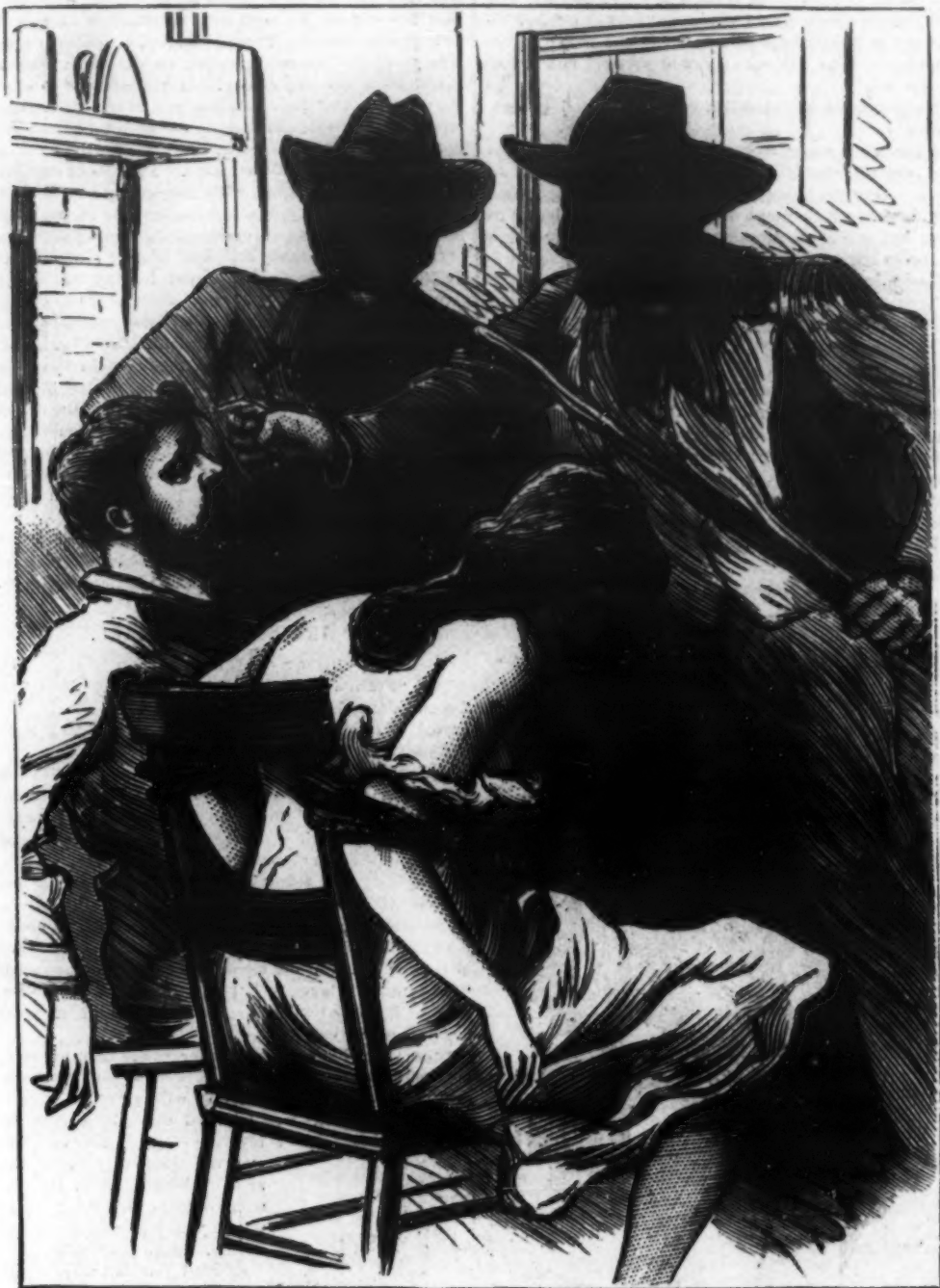
Singularly fortunate has been Jack Dempsey since he first began his career as a pugilist, having been defeated but twice since he decided to give up wrestling in 1884 and try his fortune in the fistie arena. Sporting men who have followed closely Dempsey's career as a pugilist, say that the "Nonpareil" was beaten but once, and that was when he fought with Bob Fitzsimmons, who afterward said that Dempsey was the gamest man who had ever stood before him. In the battle with George Le Blanche, the Marine, in San Francisco, the claim has often been made that Dempsey was not defeated, but that at a certain stage of the fight, when the betting was 50 to 1 on Dempsey and Le Blanche was virtually a defeated man, the latter wheeled suddenly about and accidentally caught Dempsey on the point of the jaw with his elbow and knocked him out. For good generalship and bravery in the ring, he has always stood at the head of the class in pugilism. He was born in the County of Kildare, Ireland, thirty-three years ago, the 15th of December, and while yet a mere lad his parents came to America and settled in Brooklyn. He learned the cooper's trade in the eastern district, and during his apprenticeship became deeply interested in athletic sports, particularly wrestling, in which science he later won name and fame. He was 20 years of age when he fought his first battle in a roped arena, which was to a finish under London prize ring rules. His antagonist was Edward McDonald, of Brooklyn. McDonald was by far the heaviest and strongest of the



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AGNES REILLY AND MLLE. NEBIA.

A DAINY AND SHAPELY AMERICAN BURLESQUER, AND A PRETTY AND GRACEFUL PARISIAN DANCER.



WHIPPED BY MASKED BURGLARS.

A FARMER AND HIS WIFE ARE MALTREATED BY BOLD THIEVES AND THEN LOCKED UP IN A COLD ROOM, AT NEWCASTLE, PA.



PLEADED WITH HER HUSBAND.

HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE BROOKLYN, N. Y., TROLLEYMEN TO RETURN TO WORK, AND SHE ENDEAVORED TO DISSUADE HIM.



KNOCKED THE WOMAN DOWN.

A BOLD THIEF OPERATES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, AT RUTHERFORD, N. J., AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

MASKS AND FACES.

Chorus Girls Are Anxious to Display Their Figures.

PRIMA DONNAS ARE MODEST

What Lillian Russell, Marion Manola and Marie Tempest Say About It.

A BANKER'S WELL-DESERVED REBUKE

Some interesting facts about the ballet girls and their costumes have been elicited from the mistress of the robes of the Henderson Extravaganza Company, who has in her keeping the 600 dresses used in "Aladdin, Jr."

"The girls are all so proud of their figures," she exclaimed. "It's hard to fill out the 'peasant girls' in a chorus or ballet; they all want to be boys and wear full length tights. Whenever a girl gets to wearing tights, she wants 'em full length. In 'Aladdin, Jr.' the costume being Chinese, the sketches provided for loose trousers of various colors reaching almost to the knee. They were worn the first night as designed. Since that time these loose trousers have been shrinking, despite my best endeavors, till, on some of the ladies, they have at last reached the regulation burlesque trunks, which, as the topical song says, 'are just the width of a ash.' The material has not been cut, oh no! they haven't do that—but the girls turn in these obnoxious loose trousers whenever I'm not looking."

"One important feature of burlesque dressing is the shoes," added Miss Barclay. "When the orders are taken for the shoemaker, every girl is asked what size she wishes her slippers made. She gives it, and then we go through the whole list and add a half size all around, except in the case of the ballet. The ladies of the ballet don't tell fibs about the size of their feet. They can't afford to. A dancer can't do her work cramped up in a tight shoe, and she knows it; so she gives a liberal measurement; but the sweet little dears of the chorus would undergo the tortures of the Chinese women if the customer gave them the slippers they asked for."

Appropos of this, it is interesting to recall the statements of some famous comic opera queens regarding their sensations when they wore tights for the first time on the stage. The query was propounded to several of them some time ago, and though some of them no longer appear in fleshings, their replies have lost none of their piquancy or value as "human documents."

Lillian Russell, whose controversy over her refusal to wear tights is famous, says:

"I never had but one sensation from the beginning to the end of my use of tights. That sensation or feeling was one of dislike and detestation. I felt thoroughly uncomfortable when I first wore them years ago in California, and remember distinctly going into another company just to get rid of wearing them. I was obliged to make use of them for several years, however, but made up my mind that some day I should throw them off forever. It cost me several hundred dollars, in legal damages, to do this. A great many have unkindly said that I gave up tights because I was getting too stout, but I insist that my reason was because I hated to wear them. I don't think it is dignified enough for a woman playing a leading part in a comic opera. It detracts from her singing and acting, in my opinion. Then, again, I don't like to see a woman in tights. I do not think she ought to exhibit her figure in that fashion; in fact, I don't believe in immodesty of dress, anyway. There is nothing beyond embarrassment, to me, at least, in wearing tights."

"I never had any aversion to tights," Mrs. Marion Manola-Mason declared. "I may have rather dreaded them before ever wearing them; but when I made up my mind to go into comic opera I accepted everything that went with it, agreeable and disagreeable. My dread of wearing tights, if I ever had any, was forgotten; the excitement of the moment absorbed every other feeling, and my anxiety over my work in the part was so great that it was really a week or two before I realized that I was actually wearing that base of the average actress' life. Undoubtedly, if I had been obliged to first appear in tights in my former home, Cleveland, before society friends, I should have been very much embarrassed, but it was fortunately in England. Tights can be made vulgar or otherwise; it all lies with the wearer. I don't think any one ever accused me of making them unduly prominent. Perhaps this was due to the fact that I never tried to stride like a man. On the contrary, my aim was to make my walk just the same as if I was still wearing skirts. Indeed, I like tights. I never allow them to embarrass me."

Marie Tempest emphatically declared that she does not like them. Here are her views:

"I suppose everybody who has worn tights says the same thing, don't they? That they 'felt perfectly ridiculous, and as if they had no clothes on at all.' That is exactly the way I felt at first, and still feel. I have never been comfortable in them. The first time I ever wore tights was in England in 'The Red Hussar.' It was the worst case of tights I ever saw—tights straight up to the waist, with only a small sash tied in a bow behind and a short undress uniform jacket buttoned close up in front. When I was arrayed and looked in the glass, I certainly thought I was the most dreadful looking object I had ever seen. I sent for the stage manager."

"You don't suppose I am going on in this horrible dress, do you?" to which he answered:

"Don't be a fool! Come right along. The whole thing looks beautifully on you, and I shan't even give you a cape."

"You will give me a long cape to hide my back, or I won't go on," I said, stubbornly, and we finally compromised on a short military cape; it really wasn't the least use in the world, but I felt as if I had something more on, and that was a good deal."

It is to be observed that the ladies of the chorus are

all anxious to display their figures, while some queens of comic opera, being made of finer stuff, are, according to the very best testimony—their own—extremely modest in that respect.

Kirke La Shelle, of the Bostonians, is telling a sweetly gruesome story of a theatrical manager who had just buried his father.

An acquaintance condoled him in his affliction and incidentally asked him when the funeral of his dear departed one had taken place.

"Yesterday," said the mourner.

"Many people there?" was further asked.

"Turned them away, my boy, turned them away!" said the manager in a professional burst, but he recovered himself later and remarked that he would miss the old man.

At the Twelfth Night Club on a recent Sunday night, under the shadow of Mrs. Kendal, two dowagers, each decorated with the club's emblematic ivy leaf, were discussing the morals and immorals of the stage at large.

"There is no use talking, my dear," said one of the old ladies, with conviction, "morality pays in the long run. For every good woman there will turn up sooner or later at least one good man."

"Quite true," remarked her companion, with a sigh. "But, on the other hand, the naughty ones get at least three of 'em."

A question that is agitating a certain class of Parisians just now is whether a man of the world, who frequents the coulisses and thus meets actresses, shall recognize or ignore them when, accompanied by his wife or daughters, he encounters these artistic acquaintances in the street.

In this country, where the conditions respecting the relations of society and the stage are entirely different, it is difficult to understand the interest that this question excites in Paris. There, however, with few exceptions, actresses con-

of any of your friends. I am married and I do you the honor to receive you in my house—for in the green-room of this theatre of which I am sociétaire you are in my house. I passed you at the Salon, you saw me and you did not salute me. Put yourself in my place. I believed that your companion was a *vieille garde* whose presence at your side caused you to pretend not to recognize me."

The young banker made his exit hastily and in confusion.

A theatrical paper recently announced the marriage of a lady who had had one or two previous *affaires du cœur*. The ceremony was described in glowing terms; but it seems a little rough on the principal performer to hear that one of the gentlemen of the company "gave the bride away."

How mean of him!

FRED MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is hardly a city, town or village in the whole of these United States where Fred Miller and his famous pointer dog, Guess, are not known. The two famous companions have tramped the country from Maine to Oregon, and Miller has in his possession bona fide acknowledgments, signed by the mayors and distinguished citizens of the places he has visited.

His first effort in the tramping line occurred three

of Rochester would expect an ordinary prize ring contest to take place.

A few nights ago, a local society had a banquet at the Alberger, and among the knowing ones it was whispered that it would be followed by a six-round contest with soft gloves between Tommy Dixon, a speedy young scrapper, and Young England, an old timer among Rochester's sporting gentry. It was intended to have the fight on the quiet, but the ubiquitous newspaper reporter was there, and the affair is town talk. As the fashionable Alberger was a select place for the fight, so also was the crowd of spectators. Prominent city and county officials mingled with the society men and all-rounders, and if the police had made a raid on the place there would have been a great scandal in official circles.

The scrap was a lively one, and the six rounds were fought with an energy and brutal ferocity that would have delighted the most ardent admirer of the manly art. Dixon was the superior of his antagonist and hammered him to his heart's content. But Young England had grit, and he took his medicine in the later rounds rather groggily, but with considerable bulldog persistence. He was pretty well used up at the end of the fight, and had it lasted much longer would have been put to sleep in great fashion by Dixon, who acted as the aggressor from the start and landed blow after blow on Young England's mug. Those who went to see a bloody fight had their wishes gratified.

It is thought that the authorities will take no notice of this affair, for obvious reasons. The society people and the officials are in the same boat and will stand together.

AN ART STUDENTS' BALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The "Festive Highlights" of the Art Students' League, danced in masquerade not long ago in the rooms of the Agricultural League, at No. 215 West Fifty-seventh street, in New York City.

The "Festive Highlights" are those students who are still young, giddy and good looking. They call themselves "Highlights" so as to emphasize the chasm which divides their ebullience from the sour-visaged sobriety of the older students, dubbed "Old Hens."

Everybody was severely masked when dancing began at 10 o'clock. Doorkeeper Thomas—his given name—carried a pail of ice water across the slippery floor after the first quadrille, and then the shrill voice of George Wetsel, master of ceremonies, announced, "The lemonade is ready!" The lemonade had a hickory stick in it, so that when it came to waiters the students began to show their form.

There was a handsome summer man—George Shipley—with a nose like a gully policeman and "pajama pants," whose high skipping with a French baby—Miss Violet Clark—was frowned upon by a short, fat brownie—George Breck. The brownie tried to remove the arm of Shipley from the liesome waist of the French baby, whose pink legs were really exquisite. More lemonade!

Edward Dowdall wore a pair of his sister's shoes and stockings, and was got up for the rest like the American eagle of the twentieth century. He kicked at the hats of the guests whenever he could see one. More lemonade!

His attentions to the beautiful gypsy girl—Miss Klamroth—were the treat of the evening. Miss Klamroth is tall and queenly while Mr. Dowdall is as short as possible. They danced "The Berlin" together, Mr. Dowdall acting as the lady. More lemonade!

Mr. Arnold was a Puritan cavalier. He had spent hours on his nose, and rightly judged that he was entitled to a few lemonades. He did not dance, but walked about on the outer edge winking at the girls. Somebody said it was a shame to have paid \$25 for such an

orchestra. A beautiful girl from the Latin quarter burst the fastening of her tiny slipper. She was instantly surrounded by a tall negro, who insisted upon fixing it for her. He blushed under his cork. It was evident he had never been in the Latin quarter. More lemonade!

The hours flew on and the fun grew fast and furious, but always good-humored and full of pleasing surprises. Other masquerade balls are tame vulgarly compared with this one. The girls are not only pretty, but know how to dress themselves divinely. The devotion of the men to the hickory stick lemonade begins to pique the ladies and they also gather around the bowl. It is very good! Under the spell masks come off and some dancers find themselves indiscreetly paired.

Brownie Breck seizes one of the French babies with the expressive pink legs and tells her he loves her. She is amused and moves closer to the flowing bowl. Thomas brews more lemonade!

AGNES REILLY AND MILE. NEBIA.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Two lovely young women grace our theatrical page this week. They are Agnes Reilly and Mile. Nebia. Miss Reilly is an American girl who achieved success as the tough messenger boy in "Wang." She married Woolson Morse, the composer of the burlesque, and has appeared but few times on the stage since that event. Mile. Nebia is the bright little choreographic star of the Nouveautés, at Paris.

MILO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Milo is a strong man who is likely to make his way to the front. He is a pupil of Prof. Attila, who has trained a number of prominent athletes. Milo is better known as Anton at Nick Engel's famous bar on Twenty-seventh street, in New York city, and is likely to prove a dangerous rival to all the other strong men in the field.

RICH AND RARE!

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THE PRIMA DONNA AND THE CHORUS GIRL.

joy none of the social rights and privileges that their American sisters are accustomed to.

The *femme du monde* looks askance at the actress except when she is engaged in her professional duties, and the husband, who as a subscriber or patron of the principal theatres enjoys entire behind the scenes according to the French custom, is sometimes in doubt as to the extent of recognition he can safely bestow upon the artistes in the outer world. From which, it may be perceived, the French husband of this category is a snob and a slave to ridiculous social usage.

It was Jeanne Samary—now dead—who administered a capital rebuke to one of these chaps. It was one night in the *foyer des artistes* of the Theatre Francaise when a crowd of Parisians were present.

"Good evening, Monsieur X.," said Samary to a subscriber—a Jewish banker—who entered. She spoke in such a low voice that everybody's attention was arrested and the buzz of conversation ceased.

"Good evening, Madame," answered the newcomer, bending over the actress's hand.

"I sympathize with you deeply, my dear Monsieur X.," continued Jeanne Samary, "and I intend to give you some good advice before everybody. What! you, a young man, a man *comme il faut*, visited the Salon on a varnishing day with an old cocotte on your arm?"

"But, Madame, I do not understand. I was at the Salon—with my mother."

"With your mother? Oh, I beg your pardon! But it is your fault. I have never been your mistress nor that,

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Of the stage, such as Delta Fox, Marie Tempest, Lillian Russell, Sadie Martinot and all the rest of them. Photographed in tights and costume. We have every one you can name. All cabinet size. Satin finished, 10 cents each, by mail. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

on July 29, 1894. He was accompanied by the dog. His New Orleans credential is signed by Mayor Fitzpatrick.

Miller and Guess will soon start on a pedal journey to Jacksonville, Fla., for a wager of \$500 and the "Police Gazette" trophy.

TOMMY KELLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This well-known exponent of the manly art has returned to New York after a lengthy sojourn in the west. He is an aspiring welterweight, and is anxious to arrange a match with Tommy Ryan. He is a clever pugilist, a conscientious trainer, and is capable of beating more men than can beat him. He is a great favorite with the patrons of amateur club boxing bouts, and has appeared frequently before the leading athletic clubs of the country. He is now matched to box an unknown at the next monthly entertainment of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

PRIZE FIGHT AFTER A BANQUET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The City of Rochester, N. Y., is greatly excited over a lively six-round bout which took place in the banquet hall of the Alberger after 1 o'clock one morning last week. There have been ordinary boxing matches and genuine prize fights in Rochester before, but the place where this one occurred and the circumstances surrounding it gave the affair peculiar interest. The Alberger is the one high-toned restaurant and banquet place of the city. Its patrons are chiefly society people, and it is quite the correct thing to give a quiet little supper or a more ostentatious dinner at the Alberger. It is the last place in the world that the people

BEAUTIFUL, BUT FALSE.

A Petition for Divorce Recalls a Remarkable Story.

SHE DECEIVED HER HUSBAND.

A Pretty Wife Eloped with a Sheriff and the Pair Traveled in Europe.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The recent separation and application for a divorce by S. H. Bettys brings to light a very romantic as well as sensational story. Several years ago S. H. Bettys was a country school-teacher in Robertson County, Ky. He was a sober, serious man, about fifty years of age. He taught during the winters for a small salary, and during the summers visited around among his relatives. Prof. Bettys was not much of a lady-killer, yet he made some attempt at being congenial to the gentler sex. There was one young lady who treated him with more politeness and whose greeting was more cordial than that of the other girls. This was Miss Lucy Hamilton, daughter of a well-to-do farmer, with whom Mr. Bettys was wont to stop. Miss Lucy was a sweet country girl, about eighteen years of age. She was tall and handsome, with a form and face befitting a Venus. Her beauty was the talk of the neighborhood, and many were her admirers. Mr. Bettys was not accustomed to spending his hard-earned money recklessly, but there was one channel through which a dollar went every month—to the Louisiana lottery. One morning he awoke to find himself, instead of a poor pedagogue, a wealthy gentleman. His dollar had brought him in \$15,000. The girl who had once regarded Mr. Bettys with indifference, now began to smile upon him as he passed by, but all to no avail. As soon as he received his money Mr. Bettys started for the home of Mr. Hamilton, where he laid his heart, his hand and his money at the feet of Miss Hamilton. All were accepted, and in a few days the two were Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bettys. The couple moved to town, bought a nice house, furnished it elegantly and were as happy as two turtle doves. They were admitted immediately to the best society, for not only did Mr. Bettys' money demand it, but his young wife's beauty was a sufficient open sesame. She took everything by storm, and was courted and admired by every one.

A few months before this C. W. Sparks, a handsome and educated young farmer, had been elected Sheriff of the county. He had a young wife and three small children, and had also taken up his residence in the county seat. One of the most ardent admirers of Mrs. Bettys was Mr. Sparks. She seemed to have a decided preference for him also. It was not long until rumor had it that Sheriff Sparks and Mr. Bettys' young wife were rather more friendly than mere friends should be. Some of Mr. Bettys' friends suggested this to him, but he would not hear of it. He was blindly in love with his young wife, and would believe no ill of her. The months passed on and the home of Mrs. Bettys was the scene of many handsome entertainments. Sheriff Sparks was always a guest and was most constant in his attentions to the fair hostess. Mr. Bettys was often warned of the growing intimacy between his wife and Mr. Sparks, but still he would not believe it. He thought her as virtuous as Cæsar's wife, and gave his friends to understand that anything to the contrary would not be heard by him, and warned them never to repeat the accusations. However, the revelation came. The old man was doomed to experience heartaches of which he never dreamed. His blind confidence in his fair young wife was at last to be blasted, and he was to see things as they really were.

Mrs. Bettys had packed her trunk and gone on a protracted visit to friends at Maysville and Lexington, in Kentucky. The next day Mr. Sparks had business in Cincinnati, O. Several days later Mr. Sparks had been seen in Cincinnati in company with Mrs. Bettys. While this was not altogether unexpected, it created a great sensation here. Still Mr. Bettys was slow to believe it, and telegraphed to Lexington and Maysville inquiring if she was at either place. Upon receiving answer that she was not, he accepted the report as true.

Mr. Bettys stated that before his wife had left he had given her \$500, she saying that she wished to make some purchases while gone. It developed, also, upon investigation, that Sheriff Sparks had collected up several thousand dollars before his departure. He had also gone to the bank and borrowed several hundred dollars. His word was as good as his bond, and the bank was prepared to trust him for any amount. He went to Cincinnati by the way of Brooksville, and while in that town went to the bank and borrowed some more money on his individual note, as he was good wherever he was known. In the aggregate the sheriff had about \$6,000 with him, and, with Mrs. Bettys' \$500, they were very well fixed for money. They went to New York city, and spent about two weeks viewing the metropolis.

From New York they went abroad, and spent several weeks in London, and then crossed to the continent, where they traveled extensively.

It was in September when they left Mt. Olivet. One morning, about the middle of December, it was rumored that Sheriff Sparks had been seen in the county. It was so; he had returned. He came back in the night, and his first visit to his home was indeed affecting. He went to his old home about 10 o'clock at night, while the weather was bitter cold. He stood looking in the

window at his young wife and three little children as they were gathered about the fire, the mother endeavoring to comfort the little deserted ones and quiet their longings for their father. He stood shivering in the cold, Enoch Arden-like, looking in upon this scene, and his heart came near falling him. He did not reveal his presence that night, but went down in the country to the home of his father. The next day negotiations were opened up between him and his wife, and, after considerable talk and many promises on the part of Mr. Sparks, he was permitted to return home. His wife was true to him, characteristic of that sex, and was overjoyed at recovering him. He settled all his accounts, and is now one of the most substantial citizens of Mason county, where he and his family resided.

But affairs went entirely differently with Mrs. Bettys. She who was once the sweet, innocent country girl, had gotten a taste of a life altogether different from that to which she was accustomed. However, about two weeks after Mr. Sparks put in an appearance, she also returned without any parleying whatever. Mr. Bettys received her with open arms and reinstated her in her former home.

To draw a long story to a close, after living here a few months and finding she was not received by her former friends again, and was not even recognized on the streets, she persuaded her husband to dispose of the most of his property and move to Newport, Ky. Always willing and anxious to please the young woman, he immediately did as she desired. They lived happily in their Newport home for nearly a year, and Mrs. Bettys gave no signs of infidelity, or at least her credu-



THEY SAILED FOR EUROPE.

lous husband saw none. But a few months ago her actions became so bold, her visits across the river so often and her callers so numerous that at last Mr. Bettys concluded he would investigate. He discovered that she was doing everything that a dutiful wife should not do, and forthwith instituted suit for divorce.

Mr. Bettys is very much broken up over the affair. He adores his handsome but faithless young wife, and many think she will succeed in winning him back again.

PLEADED WITH HER HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the most dramatic incidents of the strike of trolley men at Brooklyn, N. Y., occurred one afternoon last week at 3:30 o'clock, when Motorman John Gottschalk, who was the only one of the strikers to return to work, was bringing Car No. 95, of the Fifth Avenue line, down town. The car was slowly approaching Twenty-sixth street, where a considerable crowd of strikers and sympathizers had gathered, when it was halted by Gottschalk's wife, who desired to get aboard. It was stopped and she stepped on. She paid her fare to the conductor and then walked hurriedly through the car out to the front platform. The crowd yelled and

hooted and made such demonstrations of hostility that the motorman stopped the car. His wife appealed to him to desert his post and go back to his comrades, the strikers.

"Don't be a traitor, John," she pleaded; "don't leave the men who are your friends. Come off the car." She threw her arms about him and tried to pull him off the platform, while the crowd cheered her on. For fully five minutes, while the car was held by the crowd, she pleaded with her husband, and when he repulsed her the mob shrieked and hissed at him. The crowd became very much excited, and it is more than likely the car would have been wrecked had not the platoon of police arrived from the Twenty-fourth street station and cleared a way for it. Mrs. Gottschalk remained in the car as it went towards the bridge.

KNOCKED THE WOMAN DOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Within a hundred feet of the spot at which John E. Robinson was held up and shot by a highwayman on Christmas night, at Rutherford, N. J., a woman was knocked down and robbed in broad daylight. The robber succeeded in getting away, and although the entire police force was sent out to look for him he has not been arrested.

The victim of the assault and robbery was Mrs. Eugene Edgar. She is young and her husband is a wealthy New York merchant. She left her home about two o'clock in the afternoon, intending to visit a friend living a few blocks away. When she reached the corner of Park and Newell avenues the face of one of her shoes became loose. She stopped to tie it. For this purpose she rested her foot on a stone and stooped over. While in this position a man came up behind her and dealt her a blow on the side of the head. She fell to the walk almost but not quite unconscious. She had been carrying her pocketbook in her hand and when she fell the man grabbed it and ran. There was \$10 in it. Mrs. Edgar recovered immediately and although bruised and dazed from the rough treatment she had received she regained her feet and tried to follow the man. She was too dizzy to run and screamed instead. This brought

If he fails to negotiate this match, he will go to England and play John Roberts, the English champion, at the latter's own game, English billiards, for any amount of money. Eby is a steady player, and a terror to the pool sharks who infest the country.

AT THE FRENCH BALL.

FIELD MARSHAL ROEDERSBERGER'S HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, LEXINGTON AVENUE OPERA HOUSE. Jan. 11-4 A. M.

Civilization weeps in broadcloth and cigar ashes this morning, and sobriety and order hang their diminished heads. A wild and ribald host, with parti-colored stockings and fantastic garb, has stormed the battlements of Boose and unspiked the silent batteries of Flaxy Wuzzy.

With wicked leers upon their faces and frivolous and boisterous mien they have led captive the South Rettes, a race of Amazons, and, placing the unfortunate women with wine and food, have compelled them to kick and dance until the creatures drop from exhaustion and are carried paralyzed to the ambulances in front of this fortification.

Sergeant Steinkampff, with his staff of four policemen, has, at my earnest solicitation, interfered in the interest of decorum, and has just borne a tortured and shrieking woman to the door. She was crazed from drink, which persons of unparalleled atrocity and irreclaimable sinfulness compelled her to imbibe through a straw. Some of the unfortunate women captives are suffering from a form of hysteria, superinduced by drinking, known as the cancan, and their utterly perverted captors are crowding about them by scores to witness their sufferings.

Without these walls all is decorous and damp. Within there sound the wild fanfare of trumpets, the blowing of great horns and the crash of brazen cymbals.

From the wine room comes the sound of revelry. Fair Women, clad in glittering tights, wander into the barroom and rest their feet upon the lower rail. Large bottles of an effervescent and intoxicating liquor are opened, and, fired by the drink, women and men join hands and scamper over the floor in the abandon of revelry.

Two demure maidens were sitting in the gallery. Suddenly they arose, and, deftly availing their skirts, place imprints of their dainty feet upon half a dozen shirt fronts. A girl with some kind of a waist which had no shoulder straps circled around the galleries, dancing the skirt dance, to the great admiration of an attending cohort.

There is a subdued gurgle down in the wine room, and the minute guns, or something of that kind, have been popping all morning.

The music grows louder, the mad rout takes on more of life and color and there come men with broad-soled shoes and having shields on their waistcoats. They wear nether garments of striped cloth and cutaway coats. These are guardians of the peace. Behold! They dance and keep time with their well-heeled feet to the languorous music of a quadrille, and, while the police gentlemen make merry, two little Frenchmen stand in the wine room, glaring at each other.

"Gar, I tell you I vill dans weeth so ladi," one of them remarks.

"Pardong," replied the other. "It een impossible, an I I will heat to you so face."

There is an interchange of blows, none of which land, some quick dodging and the two men are hustled out.

The dancers are fewer now, and between flying forms I can see on the floor gloves, flowers and handkerchiefs, mute evidences of the wicked extravagance attending the rejoicing of this culinary host.

WHIPPED BY MASKED BURGLARS

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The house of David McBride, at New Castle, Pa., was entered recently by masked burglars, who tied the farmer and his wife to chairs and tried whipping and threats of torture to compel them to give up their money. After ransacking the house \$6 in money and some valuables were secured.

When the robbers left they took McBride and his wife into an unused room and locked them in. They were nearly frozen to death when discovered and released by neighbors.

LASHED BY A YOUNG GIRL

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensational cowhiding occurred at Pine Bluff, Ark., recently. E. L. Colburn, prominent in church and business circles of that city, was publicly cowhided by May Haggard, a 16-year-old girl.

It is alleged that Colburn sent an improper note to May. Her uncle, Carroll Godfrey, of Little Rock, Ark., hearing of the alleged insult, went to Pine Bluff, secured a shotgun, which he held at Colburn's head, while his niece cowhided him in the presence of a large crowd.

THOMAS CANTY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas Canty is a popular Alderman, champion rifle shot, and the best blacksmith and horseshoer at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. All the sporting men of the American Spa have the greatest admiration for him. Mr. Canty's picture appears elsewhere in this issue.

"MAJOR M'KINLEY."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Major McKinley" is a great Dane, that is the pride of the South Bend, Ind., kennels. He stands 38 inches, weighs 205 pounds and has won numerous prizes. The "Major's" picture appears on our sporting page.

HERR ALFRED BOEHM, K. C. M. L.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Herr Alfred Boehm, K. C. M. L., is a musician of great renown in Australia, where he was born. His playing on the flute has won him a number of well-merited honors. Herr Boehm's portrait appears in this issue.

SPARKLES WITH SPICE!

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A PUGILISTIC ACTRESS.

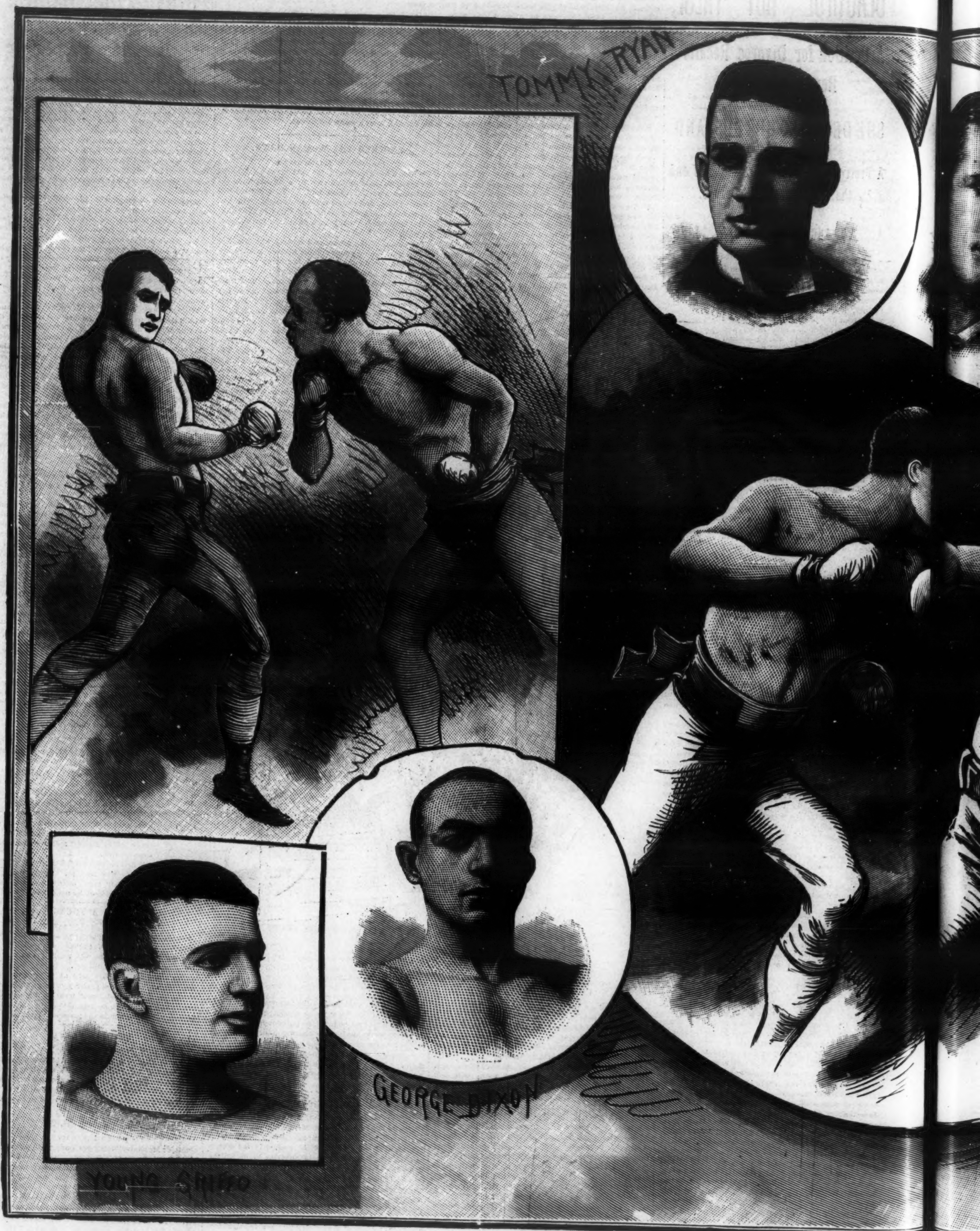
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Jennie Reiffarth and Mr. Harry Brown, of the Louise Beaudet Opera Company, had a difference of opinion at Boston, Mass., which resulted in the actress landing two straight from the shoulder blows on the comedian's face. A bit of professional jealousy is said to be at the bottom of the affair. They were in the wings, ready to go on together, when Brown made a remark which Miss Reiffarth resented in the forcible manner described. A moment later they were on the stage, and they went through the act without giving the audience any hint of the by-play they had indulged in.

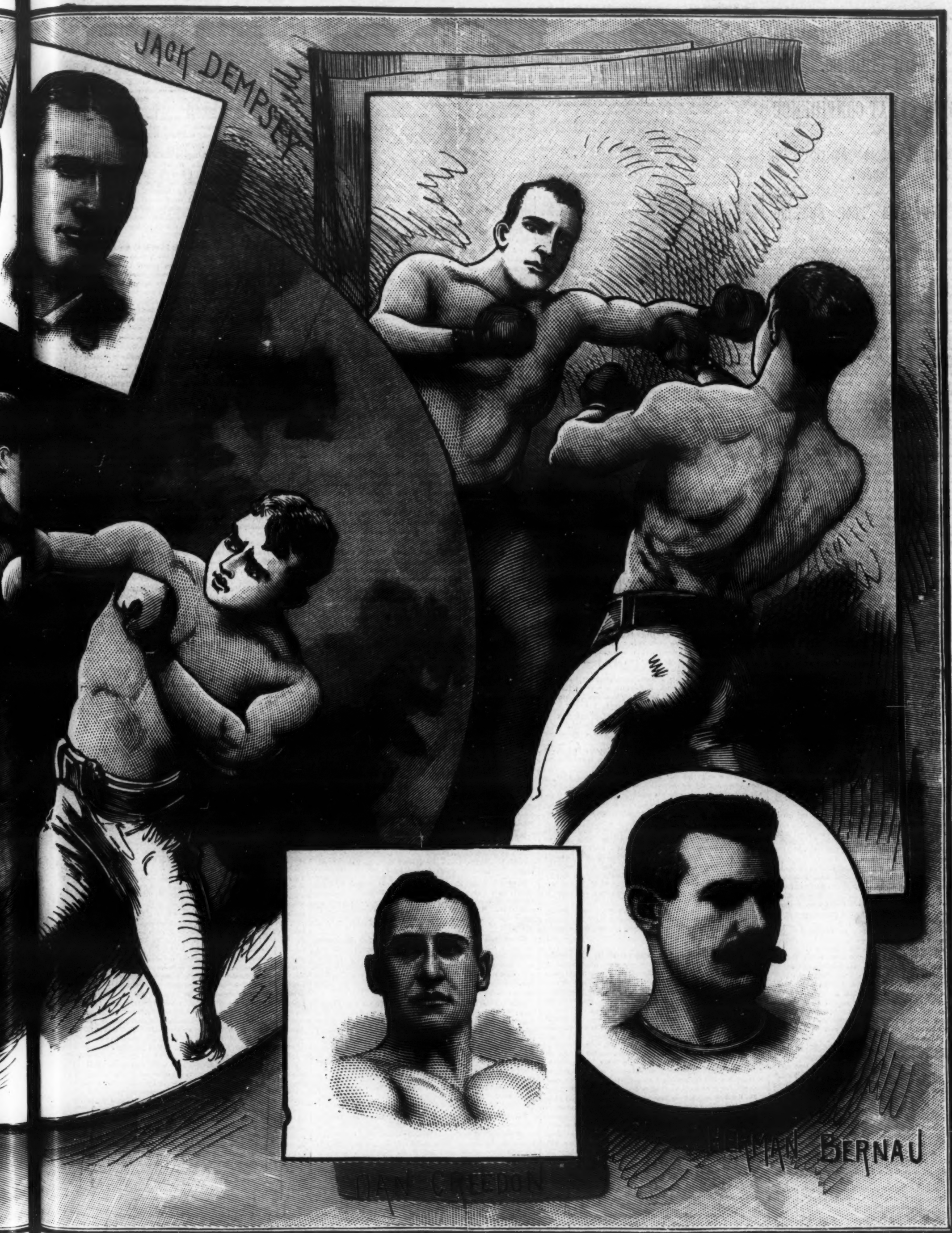
GRANT EBY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Grant Eby is the clever young pool player, better known as the "Springfield Kid," who recently defeated Champion De Oro in an offhand match at continuous pool, by the remarkable score of 200 to 99. He desires to play De Oro again, for the championship of the world.



THE THREE
 DEMPSEY GAVE A PITIFUL EXHIBITION OF HIS PROWESS—DIXON DUNC



REG FIGHTS.

N YOUNG GRIFFO FOUGHT A DRAW--CREEDON WON IN TWO ROUNDS.

POT-POURRI OF SPORT.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

DIXON'S GREAT CONFIDENCE.

Uncertainty About the America's Cup Defender.

JACK DEMPSEY'S POOR SHOWING.

Another splendid and eventful pugilistic career has been brought to a pitiful close. Less than three years ago, Jack Dempsey was an idol among the Anglo-Saxons, the indomitable "Nonpareil," a champion among champions, undefeated, respected and admired by everybody. Two revolutions of the cycle of time have brought about a change. In the disappointed, maddened aspirant for the public's pity, who appeared before the Seaside Athletic Club's patrons last Friday night, it was indeed difficult for anybody to recognize the man who fought brave battles that brought him fame and world-renown.

His meeting with Ryan on Friday night not only terminated his stellar life, but it also cost him the admiration of thousands, the love of personal friends and the respect of the entire Eastern sporting fraternity.

He might have been forgiven had he presented himself in a sober condition before the spectators, and in a frank, manly way asked their indulgence for his lack of condition. He would have earned the respect of all had he boxed as long as he could, and taken a chance of being knocked out; he might have received some sympathy had he fought illness and remained in retirement altogether; but his presence on the stage was an insult to the Seaside Athletic Club's patrons, and his attendance deserves to be blamed for allowing him to appear.

Parson Davies advised his protegee not to fight Dempsey too hard. Ryan's ready acquiescence to the wishes of his manager, despite the damage his reputation would sustain by engaging in an affair of that sort, was responsible for Dempsey getting off as easily as he did.

Dempsey's feelings, when his old admirers hissed and jeered at him, may be better imagined than described. A few moments before, the rafters of the huge structure echoed back the cheers and plaudits of thousands. His townpeople were ready to take him back into their affections and accord him the welcome they have never before accorded him. The prevailing sentiment reflected the hope that he might show a return to his old form; but the deplorable exhibition that he made of himself disgusted his sympathizers, and when he left the ring there was little sympathy left even among his personal friends.

Referee Hurst's decision at the end of the bout is open to criticism. Ryan, of course, in agreeing to "let up" on his opponent, exacted a condition that the winner's share of the money should go to him, and perhaps he insisted upon getting the decision, too. From his standpoint such a proceeding was perfectly fair, but those who suffered from the injustice of the decision, were the people who bet on Dempsey in good faith. Had the latter been kept in retirement, as he should have been, owing to his condition and his inability to win, those who fanned him would have at least saved their money. As it was they had absolutely no chance to win. The bout was a friendly one to all intents and purposes, and it would have been in very good taste for Hurst, after learning the agreement about the division of the receipts, to have declared it "no contest and all bets off."

A disposition has been evinced to blame the Seaside Athletic Club for permitting the bout between Ryan and Dempsey to go on. This does the club a severe injustice. Mr. Kennedy made the match in good faith; facilitated the meeting in every way he could, and had honest motives in inviting the public to be present. In his capacity as matchmaker he did everything that was possible to promote a successful meeting of the rival pugilists.

That Dempsey did not train conscientiously for the contest, that he chose to present himself in no condition to fight; and that Ryan from humane kindness refused to punish his unfortunate adversary, could in no wise be attributed to him. The blame is evidently misplaced.

Real worth requires none of the artificial emittance which is conferred by an empty title or a meaningless affix. It is doubtless this sentiment which urges George Dixon to imperil his championship prestige, by making seemingly ridiculous matches. The indomitable colored lad appreciates the amount of responsibility which revolves upon him as the holder of a title, and does not believe in neglecting the claims of any man who aspires to wear the crown; and his eagerness to give every claimant a chance to beat him, is responsible for his long and meritorious record as a fighter.

Yet prudence would seem to dictate to Tom O'Rourke, the inadaptability of making matches fought with so much danger to his protegee, as his recent one with Young Grif.

The latter is a pugilist whose capabilities are recognized all over the world. Leaving aside his personal characteristics, he is a clever, shifty fighter, who has met men of all grades, under all conditions; and his reputation has withstood shocks that would have ruined the prestige of worthier men. His bout with McAuliffe was sufficient to recommend him to the public as a pugilist of quality; yet despite this fact, Dixon, with a display of wisdom which might be criticized, agreed to take him on at catch weights.

Dixon's timidity and fearfulness about meeting all comers has landed him at the top of his profession; but a bad match is something to be feared; and it is just possible that in an engagement in which he takes a big chance like in the match with the Australian, he may meet a reverse of fortune.

Speaking of Dixon, reminds me that a match with Pimner is no nearer a settlement than when the affair was first proposed. The little "Bruin" has shown himself to be quite as clever at matchmaking as his older and more experienced contemporaries. When a match with Dixon was first broached, Pimner announced the terms under which he would fight—116 pounds, weight at the ring side. He has firmly adhered to this, despite all the energy that has been wasted in trying to move him.

Only the other day \$1,000 reached the Police Gazette office, accompanied by a challenge on behalf of an unknown, to fight the bantam at 116 pounds, weight at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, for any part of \$10,000; but when I immediately broached the matter to Pimner, he jumped at the conclusion that nobody but the featherweight champion would dare issue such a bid; and forthwith declined to enter into any negotiations, or treat with anybody, except upon the terms that he proposed.

This question about the time of weighing in, is the only obstacle in the way of a fight that would go down upon the pages of pugilistic history as one of the greatest ever recorded.

Everything that concerns royalty is read with eager interest. It is therefore with feelings of profound regard, that we congratulate the yachtmen of both the old and new countries upon having such a capable patron of the sport as the Prince of Wales. But for his timely induction into the controversy, it is doubtful if the arrangements for an international yacht race would have been made, under such harmonious conditions.

At any rate the Royal Yacht Squadron has accepted the terms of the new deed of gift, agreed to become the custodian of the America's cup, if won, under the conditions involved. The preliminary arrangements have all been made, and a race is now assured.

We know that Lord Dunsany has decided to build a new yacht to sail for the trophy; in fact, that he has accepted Designer Watson's plans, and that the work of construction is already under way; but what about a cup defender?

Concerning that important factor, a decided uncertainty prevails. This is indicated in the circular which emanates from the Cup Committee, and which reads in part as follows:

"In their selection of the vessel best adapted, in their judgment, for the defense of the America Cup, the committee reserve to themselves absolute freedom of choice, based upon all-around qualities, the results of the trial races not to be considered as necessarily conclusive, and the evidence furnished by performance prior to such races to be considered or not at their discretion."

A peculiar announcement to make truly, in view of the fact that the information has been permitted to go forth that the New York Yacht Club, the real custodian of the cup, intended building the defender, and that plans and specifications had already been submitted by the Herrschoffs, and accepted conditionally.

The yacht club people have thought better about assuming such an unwarrantable position, however, and have decided to open the competition for the honor of defending the trophy.

If several syndicates are formed to build new boats, and George Gould adheres to his present purpose of recalling the Vigilant from Europe, to contend for the honor of meeting the British yacht, the trial races bid fair to be more interesting from a yachtsman's standpoint, than the duel for the cup.

An effort is being made to arrange a six-day go-as-you-please contest, to be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, some time in May. Already the promoters of it have begun negotiations for the lease of the building, and the affair is in a fair way to be a success. I had a talk yesterday with the capitalists who are behind the project, and they are certainly not lacking in confidence that a race would be a paying venture.

They want to give an international aspect to it by getting Rowell and Littlewood to come over, but I have some doubts about their ability to do this. Rowell, it is true, is in a position just now when a stake of any kind would come in the nature of a windfall; and the American public would like to see their old favorite again, but it is doubtful if he would agree to go into a race against the younger generation of men whom he would be expected to meet. Littlewood, too, according to report, is so incapacitated by reason of constant visits from his old enemy, rheumatism, that he can hardly walk about, to say nothing of training. Old John Hughes, however, is still in the ring, and announces his intention of being a contestant if the race materializes.

It is so long since a six-day race was held in the metropolis that one ought to be a paying venture just now. The public taste for sport changes about once in a decade, and patrons of sport have been sated with boxing and kindred indoor entertainments.

Having practically ruined racing in New York State by the introduction of the clause in the Constitutional Amendments which makes it a misdemeanor to bet upon the result of a horse race, the reformers have now turned their attention to boxing, and a measure, now pending at Albany, is intended to put an end to all state sport. The bill was introduced by an up-country legislator, one of the kind whose extent of appreciation is confined to strawberry festivals and stereopticon views. This very wise individual has aimed a blow at the very heart of pugilistic sport. Not only is the bill intended to stop professional boxing, but amateur as well. It goes even further, and prohibits the publication of a challenge, making the publisher equally guilty with the pugilist, and all alike guilty of misdemeanor. The measure is so extremely radical that it cannot help but arrest the attention of every man who is at all interested in sport, no matter how slightly. This very feature may save the boxers and destroy the bill. The measure is well meant, it is grounded on a strong public sentiment against boxing, engendered principally by bad management and poor match making on the part of boxing clubs; but the author of it seems to have gone just a step too far. It is one thing to crush out pugilism, but it is quite a different matter to tell a newspaper publisher that he is guilty of misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment if he publishes a challenge or a description of a fight.

It is with some misgivings regarding Mitchell's seriousness, that the sporting world finds itself confronted with his challenge to fight Peter Jackson; and the coincident announcement of his intention to re-enter the state circle, after declining so emphatically, that he had done with it forever.

If Mitchell's intentions are genuine, his challenge to Jackson is very timely and well considered. England has no heavy weight upon whom the title of champion can be honestly bestowed; and Mitchell fills a void, in so far as a challenger is concerned.

But there seems to have been little reason for Mitchell coupling himself with Corbett in the attitude of a claimant for the latter's title. He says: "I beat Jackson I shall again try to get on a match with Corbett, as he owes me a return fight."

How many of the people who saw the fight between Corbett and Mitchell, at Jacksonville, believe the Englishman to be serious in his demand for a return fight?

I venture to reply: not one; and Mitchell, himself, has reason to know better than any one else that he has the remotest chance to win against Corbett's superior advantages. I do not say this to depreciate Mitchell's skill as a pugilist; but he is too clever a matchmaker to face defeat again by giving away odds that would make the result inevitable.

In fact, I think his wisdom in challenging Black Peter is open to some criticism. Corbett has always regarded the latter his most formidable opponent, and while he ridiculed Mitchell before he fought him, he has been most respectful in his allusions to Jackson's ability. As between Jackson and Mitchell, the latter would be under the same disadvantages as when he fought Corbett. Besides meeting a clever exponent of the state art, he would be also giving away a big pull in the weights, coupled with advantages in height and reach.

Admitting that Peter has not been taking the very best of care of himself and may have become a trifle slow from inactivity, a vigorous course of training for a few weeks would put him into shape to win from Mitchell easily enough.

Baseball circles are interested in the probability of the New York Baseball Club passing out of the hands of the men who made it famous, into those of a newcomer in the baseball world. Mr. Edward D. Freedman is now negotiating to obtain a controlling interest in the organization, and it is more than likely that before many days have passed, the transaction will have been completed with an entire change of management.

Had Treasurer Talcott been content to remain in the capacity of managing-director, a change would not have been contemplated. Talcott has been anxiously looking out for a successor who would take as active an interest in the welfare of the club as he did himself. He believes that in Mr. Freedman he has discovered a man who will devote himself entirely to the interests of the club. Talcott and his associates will, it is said, receive \$65,000 for the controlling interest in the club. This is about 50 per cent. of the par value of the stock that will change hands in the event of the deal going through.

Mr. Freedman's induction into the affairs of the National game makes him an object of interest to baseball men. He became known to the athletic world as receiver of the defunct Manhattan Athletic Club of New York. He straightened out the tangled affairs of the once famous organization, and by his judicious management he made Manhattan Field a good paying institution. His experience with Manhattan Field will prove invaluable to him as the Managing Director of the New York Baseball Club. He proposes to leave the management of players entirely to George Davis. He says that he will make many improvements and try to place professional baseball on a higher plane in this city than it has ever been before.

AUSTIN.

Bicycling men are looking forward to the annual meeting of the L. A. W., which will be held at New York February 18. It is thought that there will be no opposition to Williams, who is the present vice-president. A lively contest is expected for second vice-president and treasurer.

MEN YOU ALL KNOW!

The Colored Fighters from the time of Molincaux to Peter Jackson. With numerous illustrations and portraits of all the prominent American and English colored pugilists. An interesting and valuable book. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

TO OUR READERS.

The Sporting Department of the POLICE GAZETTE will, hereafter, be under the supervision of Mr. "Sam" C. Austin, whose experience as a writer and critic of sporting events, for the daily newspapers of New York, entitles him to favorable consideration from the vast army of POLICE GAZETTE readers.

Mr. Austin's sole aim and object will be to maintain the high standard which has made the POLICE GAZETTE the leading sporting authority in the world.

The columns devoted to sport will contain nothing but bright, newsy matter, presented in a readable, interesting manner, and changes will be made from time to time, as may be needed to elevate the tone and character of the department, and recommend it to sporting people throughout the world.

Cyclists say that there is more money in class B racing than there is in straight-out professionalism.

"A middle-aged gentleman with a painful limp and crooked right arm," is the way one Cincinnati newspaper speaks of the Reds' new manager, Buck Ewing.

A New Yorker just returned from Mexico says that the bicycle is gaining ground daily in that country, and that he saw many wheels in the streets of the City of Mexico.

It has almost been decided by the New York magnates to give up the idea of the club going to New Orleans for the preliminary training. Atlanta is now talked of, and so is Texas.

We cannot compliment our American friends on the latest name they have discovered for lady cyclists. "Female pedal pushers" is rather too much of a good thing.—London Cyclist.

M. F. Dirnberger, the speedy Class B rider, will go South on March 1 to prepare for the season's racing. He will be trained by Frank Lyman, who in 1894 made a great success of "Pinkie" Bliss.

The idea of a representative team of English athletes visiting this country next year to compete against the pick of American athletes, has taken firm hold of the athletic authorities in England.

A funny story comes from Louisville to the effect that Van Halten is to be exchanged by the New York club for a Louisville player. The entire Louisville team is not worth a player like Van Halten.

Prof. Charles F. Blatt, the cannon ball champion, intends making a tour of Europe with Minerva, the champion strong woman. On her behalf he issues a challenge to meet any woman in the world for \$1,000.

The annual report of Benny C. Williams, chairman of the athletic committee of the New York Athletic Club, shows that out of an appropriation of \$25,000 for expenses last season there remains a clear balance of over \$3,000.

Pat Moran will match his pigeon to fly a single bird match five or ten miles, for \$100, against any pigeon in the United States, Perry preferred. He has posted a forfeit of \$20 with the Police Gazette, and will arrange a match any time the forfeit may be covered.

Midget Turpin now weighs 135 pounds, and it is thought that this increase in weight will be an important factor in the argument to urge his candidacy for second base. His weight when he played last season was ten pounds less, and that is considered too light for league work.

John S. Johnson, after ninety days' training, skated a mile at Minneapolis on a 4-lap ice track in 2:45, beating his record of three years ago, defeating Peter Ostlund, the recently arrived Norwegian champion, and breaking the world's record for a similar event held by Hagen at 2:47 3/5.

Every horse in the Spreckles stable at the Bay District track is for sale, not excepting Cadmus. The Spreckles string is numerically one of the strongest in America. The stable has won \$25,000 in stakes and purses since Cy Mulkey was retained as trainer some eighteen months since.

In a cable from London to the "Police Gazette" John Roberts, the champion billiardist of England, declines De Oro's challenge to play fifteen ball pool for the championship of the world. He agrees, however, to play a combination series of English billiards and American pool. Winning games to count.

George Wilson, who says he left Cincinnati on Dec. 12, with the intention of walking to the four borders of the United States in one year's time, on a wage of \$1,500, has arrived in Philadelphia. He borrowed money enough to cross the ferry to Camden. Wilson says he walks about 30 miles a day.

There have been gloomy days in Boston's baseball history, when President Soden had to go deep into his pockets, but take it all in all no club has made more money in baseball than the Boston club. It is said to have made over \$100,000 net in the season of 1893, and this is, if anything, within the real figures.

Thomas F. Kiely, the Irish champion all-round athlete, offers to throw a 16-pound hammer, with a handle 3/4 feet long, 150 feet, and the 56-pound weight, from scratch, 39 feet, or from a 7-foot circle 41 feet. He recently beat the English record of putting the 16-pound shot at Dublin, Ireland, hurling the metal ball 47 feet 2 inches.

The officials of the Philadelphia Baseball club have been too busy of late to think of anything but the new grand stand they propose erecting in the place of that which was destroyed last summer. Now that the contracts have been given out, however, it is to be hoped that they will begin to look around with the end in view of strengthening their club in its one weak spot, namely, the pitching department.

Some one has declared that if the old pitcher's box is restored Silver King will return to the diamond. That settles it. If King is a possibility of a resurrection, what is to prevent the second appearance on earth of Mickey Welch, Cherokee Fisher, One-Armed Dailey and Durey Dean? There must be no Faust business indulged in by baseball legislators.—Exchange.

Boston and Asbury Park are to make individual struggles at the coming National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen for the 1895 championship races. The Jersey-men look for solid support from their own State, New York and Pennsylvania. Asbury Park wanted the meeting last year, but Denver held the winning vote, and Asbury Park got many promises of support this year.

Yachtmen and shipbuilders of Baltimore are talking about building a cup defender. The fastest clipper ships in the world were built at Baltimore yards, and several shipbuilders there believe they can construct faster yachts than any that have sailed in the races on this or the other side of the Atlantic. A prominent Baltimore yachtman, who desires his name withheld until a syndicate is formed, says he is willing to start the subscription with \$1,000, and several other subscriptions of \$500 each have been volunteered.

The annual tournament for the cup offered by the Boston Athletic Association and the New York Racquet and Tennis Club for the amateur racquet championship of America will be held in the court of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, commencing Feb. 12, 1895. Entries will close Feb. 4, with K. La Montagne, Jr., chairman of the Racquet and Tennis committee, New York Racquet and Tennis Club. An entrance fee of \$5 must accompany each entry. Matches to be best of five games, each entry to play every other entry.

Fred Pfeffer's Chicago friends have put a petition in circulation asking for the reinstatement of Pfeffer. If the powers decide to reinstate Fred and let him play in Chicago each and every signer of the petition binds himself to purchase a season ticket this spring and to boom the game all they can. If the League persists in making an outcast, so to speak, of Pfeffer the signers aver that they

will boycott Anson's team and the National League in general. It is not known how many signers the petition has, but it is claimed that the list is a long one.

The Athletic Committee of the New York Athletic Club has decided to hold the international contest on September 21, in or near New York. The club agrees to pay the expenses of fifteen men for three weeks. They, however, are not to compete in any other games while being entertained by the club. The committee agree on the following events: 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, one-fourth mile run, one-half mile run, one mile run, five mile run, 120-yard hurdle race, running high jump, running broad jump, putting the shot and throwing the hammer.

Corbett, when asked about his intention to play baseball next season and form an independent club with Mr. Brady, said: "That's our intention. We will organize an independent club of the best players in the country. We will play all clubs of the National League, Eastern League, college clubs and all clubs open for engagements. We will make a tour of the country like the Cincinnati Reds did in the sixties. I will captain the team and play right field. We are now beginning on McCarthy and Duffy, of the Boston, and will have a team made up of good players."

Walter C. Hanger, the champion Class B rider, is out in advocacy of the cash prize system. He says:

"I think the cash prize system, if it could be so arranged, would be the proper solution of the problem. All of the big riders think as I do about it. You can figure out for yourself. I won something over \$9,000 worth of diamonds and other prizes last season, yet I am prohibited from realizing on any of them. So what good do they do me? I do not want a basketful of diamonds, certainly, or, rather, I have no use for them, and would be much better satisfied with their equivalent in good, hard coin."

Frank G. Lenz, who is believed to have been murdered by brigands in Asiatic Turkey, started from New York on June 4, 1893, on his bicycle, with the purpose of riding around the world. He expected to complete the performance of Thomas Stevens, who made the tour several years ago. The route was to include Japan, where Lenz was scheduled to be three weeks, and from there he was to travel through China, India, Afghanistan, Asiatic Russia, Persia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Holland, France, England, Scotland and Ireland. He expected to be gone two years, and to cover about 20,000 miles. Lenz was a Pittsburgher, and once held the Western Pennsylvania championship for the twenty-four hour road race, having made 162 miles in that time.

Martin Gilligan, of New York, intends to make a match with Billy Plimmer on behalf of his unknown. When in Philadelphia last week Plimmer said he would fight Gilligan's unknown at 116 pounds, weight in at 6 o'clock on the night of the 11th. Gilligan says in reference to the proposed contest: "I will accept Plimmer's offer to fight my man at 116 pounds, weight in at 6 o'clock, for \$5,000 a side. I am prepared to make the match at any time, and if he will appoint a date I will meet him and give him a chance to cover my forfeit of \$1,000. In the event of Plimmer refusing to fight my unknown, this challenge is open to the best man in the world, barring, of course, Geo. Dixon." When questioned if he would pit his protegee against Plimmer if the latter failed to get the necessary backing, he said he might if the proper inducements were offered.

The following special cables were received at the "Police Gazette" office:

London, Jan. 17, 1895.

Frank P. Slavin and Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, were matched to day to box ten or twenty rounds, seven weeks from date of signing articles, for £200 a side and the best purse offered. Pony Moore stakeholder, and George Vym, referee.

London Jan. 18.

Charles Johnson, of St. Paul, Minn., was to-day matched to fight Cock Robin for \$4,000. Mitchell is backing the American, and Tommy Orange, the bookmaker, furnishes the snags of war for his opponent. The fight will be decided at Central Hall, London, on February 11.

Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, began training to-day for his fight with Frank P. Slavin. The latter is now at Brighton. He is being looked after by Ted Pritchard.

Charley Mitchell has challenged Peter Jackson to fight according to Queensberry or London prize ring rules for £1,000 a side. Fight to take place next May or June. Pony Moore deposited £100 forfeit with the Sporting Life, London. Mitchell says if he defeats Jackson he will have a further claim for another match with Corbett, whom, he asserts, owes him a return match. He further says that Corbett, even if he defeats Fitzsimmons, cannot honorably retire champion of the world before meeting him.

GEORGE ATKINSON, Sporting Life.

London, Jan. 19.

Peter Jackson was seen at Brighton to-day in reference to Mitchell's challenge to fight him for £500. He said that he would reply definitely on Monday.

SPORTING LIFE.

London, Jan. 20/95.

Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, authorized the National Sporting Club to offer a purse for him to meet Joe Choynski or Dan O'Grady. Either of them will be allowed expenses to fight. There is a likelihood of Peter Maher going to England to fight Craig and negotiations have been entered into with his manager. Maher is regarded in London as the most likely man to whip the Cooler.

ROEBER IS NOW CHAMPION.

The following interesting letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday:

BERLIN, January 4, 1895.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Dear Sir: Since you received a letter from me last, I have made a tour through Germany and Austria, met the champions of the different towns, cities, and countries, through which I have passed, and defeated them all. None succeeded in standing 15 minutes before me. The average time of throwing them was 3 minutes; only 2 (two) succeeded in standing 11 minutes before me. When I arrived here I offered 5,000 Marks to any one who defeated me in 15 minutes. I had lots of comers who tried for the money, but they were all thrown by me in less than 10 minutes. I had to challenge Carl Abs the champion of Europe, 3 times before he accepted. The last time I challenged him, I offered him 500 marks if he wrestled me, and 1,000 marks if he succeeded in throwing me in 15 minutes, with the understanding that if neither one secured a fall in the 15 minutes we were to keep on wrestling until one or the other secured a fall. I was sick with fever the 15th of September, the day I wrestled him. If I had not been sick I think I could have defeated him in 15 minutes. When he stepped on the stage he said he would not wrestle to a finish, but only 15 minutes, and try and win my 1,000 marks. I could not make him wrestle to a finish, so I agreed to wrestle 15 minutes with him. I succeeded in getting him on the floor, with me on top, at the end of the first 3 minutes. I kept right on hustling him, and at the end of the 14 minutes, when he refused to wrestle longer and left the stage, he was so played out that he could not have held out 5 minutes more.

He announced then to the public that he would meet me in fourteen days to a finish. At the end of the fourteen days, as he did not keep his word, I challenged him in public, at a wrestling match, at which he was present. He then said he would meet me in three (3) weeks. Again he did not keep his word. Again I challenged him in all the columns in Berlin and by letter, and as he did not answer, on the 26th of November, 1894, at my wrestling match in Berlin, where I defeated three men in one night, I publicly claimed the championship of the world. The public is all on my side now in Berlin, since they saw what kind of a champion they had in Carl Abs, and applauded my speech, claiming the championship, very much. They all upheld me in my claim, so does the leading sporting paper of Germany, the athletic paper of Munich. I think of going either to Russia or England to wrestle the best men there. So far I have defeated about forty to fifty men in Europe, and hope to keep right on with a straight record of wins. I thank you very much for all notices of me that have appeared in your paper and other papers, and hope you will do all you can for me in that respect. Hoping you will remember me to all the boys in your office, and wish them, and yourself, a happy and prosperous New Year. I remain, as ever,

ERNEST ROEBER.

Champion Greco-Roman Wrestler of the World.

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BETTING AS A CRIME

What the European Invasion Means to Racing Men.

WARNING TO LEGISLATORS.

Western Tracks Will Get the Cream of the Sport.

A VERY INTERESTING MATCH.

The interest of the racing men throughout the country has recently been concentrated upon the departure for Europe of the horses belonging to M. F. Dwyer and Richard Croker. Both stables have engagements in many of the principal English racing fixtures, and the quality of the animals that will sport silk is sufficiently good to warrant the belief that they will have a fair amount of success; but it is not from that standpoint that the racing men throughout America must regard the actions of Messrs. Croker and Dwyer in sending their horses to England to race.

Outside of New York State, it is but indifferently known that a law has been operative here since the first of January, which prohibits the making of a wager, book-making, post-selling, and every other form of so-called race-track gambling. The measure was incorporated in the new Constitutional Amendments, and voted upon at the recent election.

The Constitutional Committee which framed the obnoxious law, was afraid to have the anti-betting amendment go before the people upon its bare merits, as it was carefully couched in a set of desirable amendments, hoping thereby to either deceive the voters or depend upon their ignorance or indifference to secure public approval. This object was obtained, and the racing interests of the country were thereby irreparably injured. New York State has always been the head of the racing industry, and while the rest of the country is bound to suffer, to more or less extent, it is right here that the evil influence of the odious law is most keenly felt.

Without betting, racing lacks the vital element of interest to hundreds of thousands of people who visit the race tracks annually. If under the law it is an offense to bet, the enjoyment of that vast number of people is curtailed, the sport becomes unpopular, and millions of dollars invested in racing properties is irretrievably lost. With a limitation placed upon racing, confining it to the west, there will be no market for the sale of undeveloped racing stock, and thus the breeding and agricultural interests are injured, and thousands of people thereby thrown out of employment. The State revenue from taxes upon the racing associations averages \$300,000 annually. This money has been distributed as premiums at county and state fairs. The loss of it means the lack of an incentive to excel in the cultivation of garden products, and thus the farmer is affected. The horse-men, unable to make racing productive of profit, have decided to race in the west and elsewhere, and the first step in that direction was taken by Croker and Dwyer when they shipped their horses abroad.

This summary proceeding may be viewed in the light of an experiment, but it is also something more; it is a rebuke to the men who framed the objectionable measure, and a warning to the legislators upon whom will devolve the duty of fixing a penalty for the misdemeanor. In the anti-gambling section of the new constitution no provision has been made for the punishment. The constitution does not say whether he shall be guilty of the commission of a misdemeanor or a felony. The racing people consequently have taken hope that the Legislature will not fix a penalty for post-selling when conducted upon the tracks of racing associations. In this way they hope to be able to continue horse racing in New York State for some time to come.

Western racing people are very much interested in the outcome of a peculiar match which was made in Chicago, recently, between Leo Mayer, a well-known bookmaker, and Tom Walsh. The latter is the head man of the Madison race track, which now comes under the head of "turf outlaw." He owns Simmons, an animal of great quality as a two-year-old, but of no account at three years of age. Regenerated by Fred Foster, he was last summer sent to Chicago as a medium of "a killing" at Hawthorne. Simmons, falling to win, was shipped to St. Louis, and there entered in a selling race at \$300. Having won, he was bought by Walsh. Recently Leo Mayer matched Gasson against Simmons and lost some \$2,000 by Gasson's defeat. Walsh, now much elated, thought he had a race horse, and finally the culmination of much talk came in the match of condition as follows:

Simmons to carry 120 pounds against Yo Tambien's 125 pounds up, distance one mile, the race to be run either at Oakley or St. Louis Fair Association spring meeting, as per the association offering the larger purse.

A forfeit of \$500 was posted, this to be a forfeit of \$500 additional to be posted in thirty days, the \$2,000 thus up to be a forfeit of \$4,000 to \$4,500 (the Yo Tambien end giving the odds) to be made just prior to the running of the match. Horsemen say Gasson can give Simmons 30 pounds, and Yo Tambien could beat Gasson on a good day. However, Yo Tambien was far from his form early last spring, and a well-known bookmaker offers \$5,000 to \$15,000 on Simmons' chance.

Thanks to the uncertainty which involves racing in the East, the Canada meetings will get not a little of the patronage of the smaller states during the forthcoming season. Beginning at Toronto, the circuit will go right along as far as to wind up with Detroit. This at least was to be the arrangement, though the official dates are not to hand. The attendance of American states at the Canadian meetings has been growing from year to year, and though the prominent Canadian owners have always made a special effort to win as many races as possible "on their native heath," Americans have had a big share of success. The trouble that existed in the Ontario Jockey Club does not seem to have resulted in anything approaching a serious disruption of that body, which has always led the way. In fact the club may ultimately benefit by the removal of the discussion which had long been smoldering in its midst. The Canadian associations have the best chance that has ever come to this spring, and if the managers are wise they will strain their liberality to the verge of prodigality to increase their clientele.

Instead of the sport of kings going to the demotion bow wows, as the chroniclers of turf history are prone to believe, a significant and encouraging argument against this belief is the remarkably large number of entries that have been made to all the stakes of every racing association in the country. The list is the largest ever known in the West, many of the stakes having an increased number of entries over that of previous years.

This is an evidence that owners think well of their horses, and it is an assurance that high-class racing will be very much the rule the coming year. High-class racing improves the character of the turf and draws large crowds, and the latter furnish the means by which the associations can give rich stakes. The better the racing, the better the attendance, and the latter enables the associations to give larger stakes; then in turn draw the best horses, and thus make good racing. Everything, therefore, working harmoniously promotes success.

Whether racing can be made remunerative without betting is a problem that is interesting turf patrons all over the country. While the Coney Island, Brooklyn and New York Jockey Clubs are debating the question of giving extended meetings Mr. George Engelmann, who presides over the destinies of the Brighton

Beach Racing Association, declares emphatically that he can make a race meeting pay without a penny of revenue from the bookmaking fraternity. He said the other day:

"Brighton Beach has always been essentially what you might call a 'poor owners' track, although some of the crack horses have raced over the course. But with all that, the owners of horses of moderate class have always looked upon the Brighton meeting with a sort of proprietary interest, and if we did not have racing there this season, many of them would doubtless consider that the end had really come."

"While we have decided to hold our meetings as usual, we have made no definite arrangements as to the details. We have not engaged any officials, and I could not tell you at the present time who they will be. I do not think there is the slightest possibility of anything but a satisfactory arrangement with the Brooklyn and Coney Island clubs."

Following in the footsteps of Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, Col. Jacob G. Ruppert, who is one of the largest owners of race horses in the United States, has made a number of nominations to the English stakes, and if turf matters do not change for the better here, will no doubt take his stable to England next year. He has a number in his two-year-old division, of which he thinks highly; and these together with his old campaigners, ought to stand a chance of getting some of the big money on the other side.

FISTIC NOTES.

Jim Maco is touring England with a string of young boxers.

Tom Moran wants to meet Danny McBride at 150 pounds for a purse.

Dan Oreson will go to England next March and will challenge the world at the middle weight.

Billy Mayo would like to meet Tom Kony in a limited-round or finish contest for \$200 a side and gate receipts.

Sparrow Lewis is teaching sparring at Ticonderoga, N. Y. He enjoys the distinction of being the featherweight champion of Troy, N. Y.

Bob Fitzsimmons offers to give \$2,000 to Courtney, who boxed 6 rounds with Jim Corbett before a kitescope, if he does not stop him in two rounds.

Joe Hopkins has deposited \$50 with the "Police Gazette" and accepted Alex. Specks' challenge to a limited-round contest or a finish for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

The proposed match between Sammy Kelly, of New York, and Jimmy Kavanagh has fallen rough on account of the boxers not agreeing on the time for weighing in.

Harry Stone, the Newark sporting man, offers to back Billy Tucker, the Boston bantam weight, against "Dolly" Lyons, of New York, to a finish, for a stake of \$500 a side.

Jack Leon, inspired by the success of his brother Casper, would like to tackle some good 105-pounder. Jack's style of boxing is similar to that of Casper, and he can hit very hard.

Jim Ash, of Boston, is out with a challenge to meet any man in the world at 105 pounds. He would like to take on Willy Smith, of England, for a moderate purse and expenses.

Billy Ahearn can be matched to fight any 135-pound man in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Denny Butler is his backer, and a communication to his office will reach him.

Sam Murray challenges Emil Jarow, better known as Young Sandow, to lift weights for a purse or a stake. Murray is a pupil of Atilla's, and can be found at the Professor's academy.

Bill Brierly, who has fought several battles in England, is coming to this country to fight any featherweight in America. He is a brother of Frank Brierly, who recently defeated Spider Kelly.

Jack Downey states positively that he will not fight Mike Leonard at 150 pounds. If the pugilistic Bob Brumell is willing to fight at 125 or 135 pounds, Downey will gladly accommodate him.

John Butler of Lynn is ready to meet Billy Vernon of New York and bet any amount that Vernon does not stop him in six rounds. The Farragut Club is ready to offer a purse for them, the contest to take place in February.

Tommy Connolly, the ex-amateur champion special weight pugilist of New England, and Paddy McBride of Philadelphia, will probably be matched to box ten rounds before a Boston club next week. They will fight at 135 pounds.

Billy Stewart, of Houston, Tex., and Billy Bishop, of San Francisco, Cal., have signed articles to fight for a stake of \$1,000 and a purse. Bishop agrees to knock Stewart out in 10 rounds or forfeit any interest in the purse and stake money.

Jack Hanley, the Philadelphia lightweight, has placed himself in charge of the veteran trainer, Prof. Nixey. Hanley is a sturdy lad of good habits, and under the care of so good an instructor as Nixey he should rapidly show great improvement.

Harry Pigeon, who has been working with Tommy Ryan, the welterweight champion, whipped Jack Lawson, a Chicago stockyard athlete, in a bare-knuckle contest at Chicago. The fight took place within 500 yards of Chicago's City Hall, and lasted 19 rounds.

Jack Grace has returned to New York after visiting all the cities and towns in the west. During his tour which has lasted over three years, he engaged in many contests, and has improved in cleverness and ability. He is willing to take on anybody in his class.

Charlie McCarthy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who styles himself 110-pound Middle States champion, wants to meet Dan Le Blane or his backers with the object of arranging a match for as much money as the latter can raise, or McCarthy is willing to meet him in any open tournament.

Mickey Dooley, the heavyweight boxer of Australia, is coming to America to try his fortune in the prize ring. In Australia Dooley is classed as one of the most scientific boxers, but he cannot be a wonder, for Choyinski defeated him on May 24, 1900, in 2 rounds, lasting 4 minutes 11 seconds.

Efforts are being made by Solly Smith to get on a go with Pimmar, but the latter will not listen until Smith defeats Van Heest, who fought him a draw. Smith and Van Heest had a wrangle in New York recently, and would have come to blows had not James Courty separated them.

Jack Fuller writing from Australia says that Joe Goddard has lost his speed. He beat Quigley but was much distressed at the finish. Dooley has challenged him. The latter is anxious to come to this country. He is reputed to be a game, clever boxer, and a good man among the light heavyweights.

Jack Lewis owns one of the most valuable scrap books of pugilistic items, records and photos in existence, taken from the POLICE GAZETTE, dating back to 1862. It is 14 by 24 inches, 10 inches thick, and weighs 50 pounds. He wants to place it on exhibition in some club house or saloon. His address is 300 Seventh avenue, New York.

"Ideas in Boxing," giving Champion Jim Corbett's views about the popular sport, is the subject of a publication just issued. The book is elegantly bound, neatly gotten up in the POLICE GAZETTE's best style; contains upward of twenty lithograph portraits of famous fighters, rules, hints on training, etc., etc. It can be purchased at this office for 25 cents.

Philadelphia papers are ringing of late with the praises of a young bantam who has suddenly shown himself to possess more than ordinary ability as a boxer. His name is Barney Reilly, and the reason Quaker city sports are so enthusiastic over him is because they claim he not only made an even thing of a bout with the bantam champion, Billy Pimmar, but really had the better of it.

Philadelphia boxers who contest before New York athletic clubs have little left after paying the go-betweens. The usual price for a contest is \$100 to win, \$50 for a draw, and \$20 to a loser. To get an engagement the boxer has to give the go-between \$50 if he wins, \$20 if the contest is a draw, and \$10 in case he loses. What about the New York boxers when they go to Philadelphia.

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F. W. S., Paterson, N. J.—B wins.
 W. D., Williamsport.—April 20 to May 3, 1904.
 J. B., Vernon, Tex.—Sullivan is 36 years of age.
 J. A. J., Ft. Bayard, N. M.—Blind Tom is dead.
 J. B. P., Asheville, N. C.—See answer to J. M. G.
 J. J. C., Cohoes, N. Y.—Your query is unintelligible.
 P. J. F., Lowell, Mass.—Peter Jackson is now in England.
 J. F. C., Jr., Alexandria, Va.—Nine rounds in eleven minutes.
 G. A., Des Moines, Ia.—1. Yes. 2. He fought Mitchell for that title.

J. F. D., Danville, Ill.—John L. Sullivan was knocked down at that time.

E. D., Santa Fe, N. M.—John L. Sullivan was 36 years of age on Oct. 15, 1894.

W. M. W., Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Address a letter to A. B. Sait, Saultland, Md.

W. S.—Billy Pimmar was declared the winner. The contest was not to a finish.

Bullsey, Sidney, N. Y.—McAuliffe never whipped Carney. They fought a draw.

W. C. R., Ridgway, Pa.—If the bet was made prior to the result being received.

J. B., Tampa, Fla.—George Dixon was never knocked out in a contest to a finish.

J. H., Daggett, Mich.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought on July 8, 1899.

CONSTANT READER, Florence, S. C.—Thanks for report. Let us hear from you again.

F. F. J. B., Chicago, Ill.—Corbett fought Kilrain after the latter fought Sullivan.

F. H. McC., Baraga, Mich.—Joey has no records that entitle him to consideration.

TRENDWELL, Trenton, N. J.—George Godfrey and Peter Jackson fought 19 rounds.

WINTER, Malboro, Mass.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds.

F. S., Walden—Sullivan was knocked down by Mitchell when they fought in France.

W. C., Boston.—Jake Kilrain weighed 178 pounds when he fought John L. Sullivan.

L. S. P., Concord, N. H.—Any glass-blower can supply you with a glass writing pen.

F. D. K., Holden, Mo.—1. There is no one holding that title. 2. Yes, at 100 yards.

F. W., Phillips, Wis.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought with bare knuckles.

W. B. J., Greenburg.—The decision "no contest" was rendered at the close of the contest.

F. B., New York.—It is a matter of opinion, and a question that no one can correctly answer.

H. W. E., Hudson, Mich.—When Jim Corbett fought Peter Jackson his arm was not broken.

J. H., Moreland, Ill.—Jim Corbett measured 42½ inches round the chest; Mitchell, 44½ inches.

J. F. K., Salem, Mass.—Jackson and Corbett fought 61 rounds according to Queensberry rules.

E. C., Maynard, Mass.—Ed Smith, of Denver, Col., claims he was born in Londonderry, Ireland.

B. F. L., So. Manchester, Conn.—Sullivan had his arm broken when he fought Patsy Cardiff.

E. H. C., Dover, Del.—Prices are 50 cents, 35 cents, 25 cents and 15 cents. There is one gallery.

K. G., Fonds, Ia.—No. 2. They only fought once in London, Eng., and Hall was the winner.

F. R., Millis, Mass.—1. There is no champion according to London prize ring rules. 2. Jim Corbett.

B. & H., Wilmington, N. C.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds at Richburg, Mich.

C. C., West Haven, Mich.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng., of Irish-Scottish parents.

L. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—John L. Sullivan did refuse to fight Peter Jackson on account of his color.

J. H. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—New York City has the best and most complete fire department in the world.

C. S., Scarsdale, Pa. E. 1.—They are matched to fight in Florida, but no date has yet been agreed upon.

GERMANS, Columbus, O.—Record for high jumping is 6 feet 4½ inches. For pole vaulting, 11 feet 9 inches.

E. S. T., Piedmont, Va.—Send 25 cents to the POLICE GAZETTE and obtain a copy of "The Cooker's Guide."

J. B. S., Reading, Pa.—He never engaged in a regular contest, but has boxed in limited number of round affairs.

J. F. H., Eau Claire, Wis.—Ed Smith defeated Joe Goddard in a contest for a \$10,000 purse in New Orleans, La.

J. B. R., Munsey, Pa.—Jim Corbett weighed 164 and Charley Mitchell 156 pounds; so they stated at the time.

H. E. E., Mobile, Ala.—"The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan," it contains reports of the fights you mention.

E. J. W., Ft. Sheridan, Ill.—Tobacco connoisseurs agree with B. The wrapper of a cigar is no criterion of its strength.

L. A. W., Gloversville, N. Y.—The Daily Mercury, of New York, prints a daily table of races, programme, betting, etc.

J. M. G., Lake City, Colo.—Alta is now the champion trotter. Her time is 3:05½, made at Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 19, 1894.

C. A. M., Reading, Pa.—If you will send 50 cents to Richard K. Fox you will be mailed a book containing all the rules.

C. M. L., Erie, Pa.—We do not know the premiums offered for old coins. Apply to a dealer. Have no catalogue of coins.

J. Y., Winfield, L. I.—Choyinski's most notable achievements were his five defeats by Jim Corbett and two by Joe Goddard.

J. T. J., Scranton, Pa.—John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett boxed in San Francisco before they fought in New Orleans, La.

A. L. D., Augusta, Ga.—1. John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, October 15, 1858. 2. From 1883 until September 1, 1892.

T. N. J., Piedmont, Va.—Send 25 cents to this office for the "American Athlete." It is the best work published on training.

J. T. J., Lopez, Pa.—Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan fought at night time. Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett fought at night time.

L. F. C., Avalon, Pa.—The Corbett and Mitchell fight lasted three rounds. In Queensberry rules 5 minutes is allowed to each round.

W. P., Toledo, Ohio.—W. H. Masterson did act as umpire for Jake Kilrain when the latter fought John L. Sullivan at Richburg, Miss.

A. W. K., Little Rock, Ark.—1. He is not, according to London prize ring rules. 2. He is the most celebrated boxer now in the ring.

F. J. W., Columbus, O.—Any steel or iron worker in your city can make the addition to your bar bell and give you a price for the work.

C. L., Worcester, Mass.—A knock out means when a boxer hits his opponent and renders him insensible, so that he cannot renew the contest.

W. W., Taunton, Mass.—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought under London prize ring rules when they fought at Apremont, France.

J. W., Allentown, Pa.—Send 25 cents to Richard K. Fox for "The Life and Battles of Jim Corbett." The book will give you full particulars.

D. K., Fall River, Mass.—Send 25 cents to this office for "The Champions of England," or the Big Four. It contains the fight you mention.

C. C. C., Atlanta, Ga.—Fitzsimmons' height and reach is 5 feet 11½ inches and 31½ inches respectively. Corbett's 6 feet 1½ inch and 70½ inches.

E. O. S., Newage, Mich.—Jim Hall defeated Frank P. Slavin in the National Sporting Club, London, England, on March 23, 1893, in seven rounds.

F. O., Bloomfield, Ind.—1. Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you a book containing all the records. 2. We have not got them for sale.

B. N. S., Auburn, Ind.—Only Corbett could decide your question. The fight between Corbett and Sullivan was for \$10,000 a side and a purse of \$25,000.

F. M., Chicago, Ill.—1. You are mistaken. 2. Fitzsimmons had the best of the round you mention. 3. You are correct in regard to the scientific question.

COMBANT READER, Jonnetto, Pa.—1. According to the Queensberry rules he is the champion. 2. London prize ring rules govern the championship.

J. P. H., Bath, Me.—1. No. 2. Charley Mitchell only scored a knockdown when he fought John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, New York.

W. H. W., Mt. Haven.—It is reported that Jim Corbett weighed 184 pounds when he entered the ring. Mitchell claims to have weighed 156 pounds.

J. D., St. Joe, Mo.—You were entitled to second choice. The tie throwers should have settled first choice by throwing again unless they agreed to divide.

H. B., Oshauer.—Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey fought for the middleweight championship of America at New Orleans, La., and Fitzsimmons won in 15 rounds.

J. B., Chicago.—Jim Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, on Sept. 7, 1892, in 21 rounds, fought according to Queensberry rules.

J. H. F., West Troy, N. Y.—1. There is no authentic record of Bill Poole's weight when he fought Morrissey. 2. We presume you mean Joe Choyinski. He is an American.

C. W. A., Sparta, Mo.—Bob Fitzsimmons was born at Eiston, Cornwall, Eng., June 4, 1862. His first fights were in New Zealand in 1880, and he landed in America in May, 1890.

W. H. J., Danville, Pa.—The referee decided the bout a draw. We decide to question the merits of the decision. Opinions differ as to the respective quality of the two men as boxers.

W. B., Belpert, L. I.—Kilrain and Corbett fought a six-round contest under the auspices of the Southern Athletic Club, New Orleans, February 17, 1890. Corbett was given the decision on scientific points.

A COMBANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—If you were an honest card player you couldn't know that your partner held five diamonds. It is customary to make the trump to suit your own hand, not your partner's.

H. L. E., Rumford Falls, Maine.—The American Kennel Club of America can supply you with the names of reliable dog fanciers who make a specialty of the Newfoundland type. Don't hazard a purchase from unreliable dealers.

O. J., Dayton, O.—The first time Corbett and Choyinski fought, the latter was stopped in one round. The second time he was knocked out in two rounds. The third meeting resulted in Choyinski being knocked out in one minute. The fourth meeting occurred the same night. In a presumably friendly set-to Choyinski was knocked out again. The fifth and last fight took place on a barge in the Sacramento River and resulted in Corbett's favor in 37 rounds.

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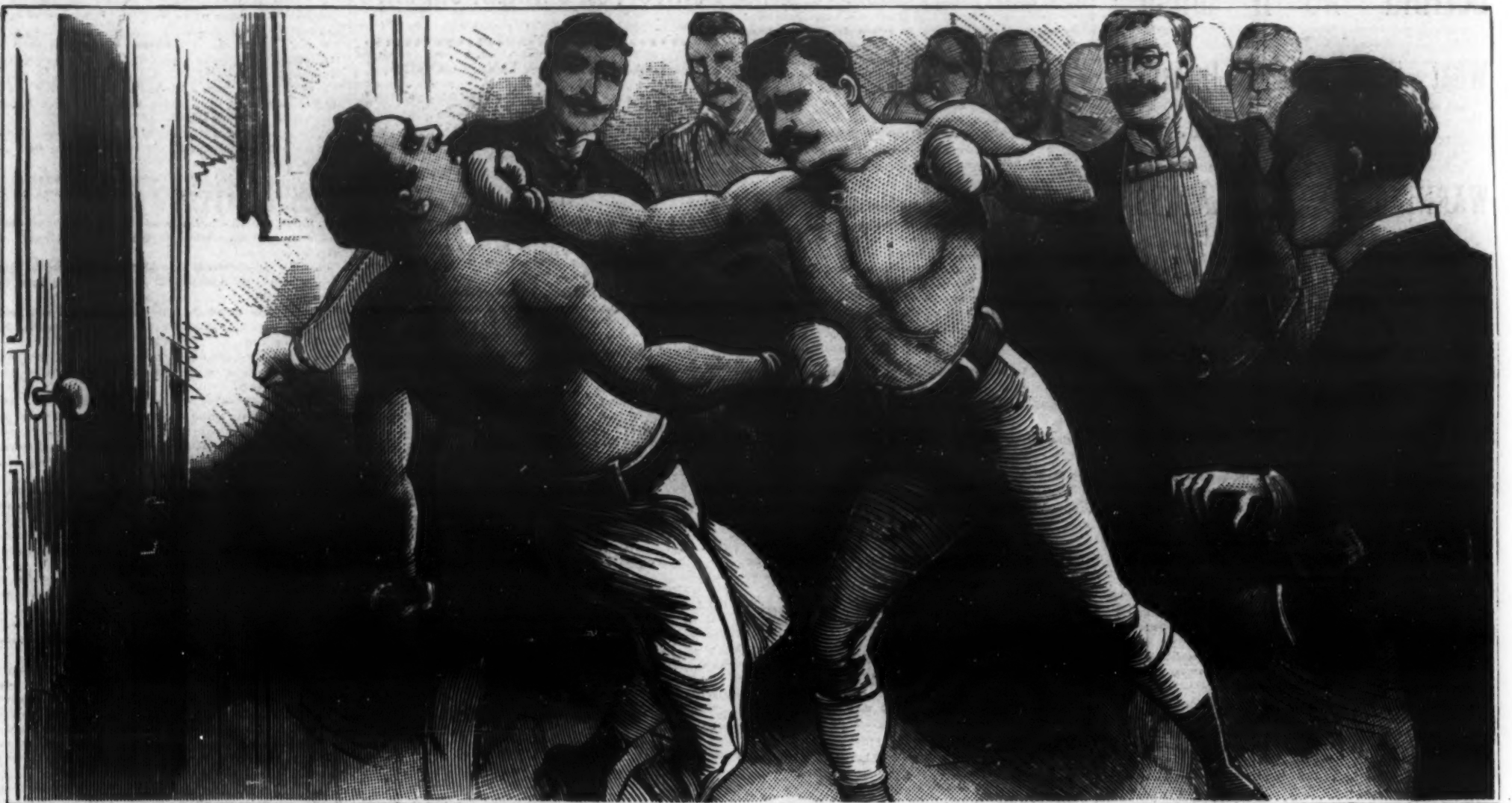
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W. B.,



PRIZE FIGHT AFTER A BANQUET.

SOCIETY BLOODS OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., ENJOY A RATTLING SIX-ROUND BOUT AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.



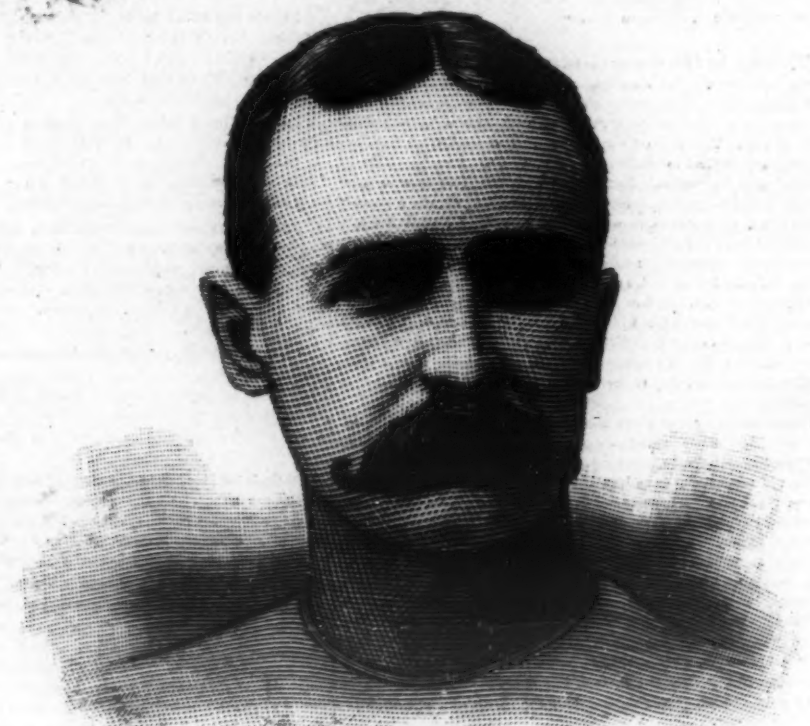
LASHED BY A YOUNG GIRL.

MAY HAGGARD, A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MISS OF PINE BLUFF, ARK., COWHIDES A PROMINENT MAN, WHILE HER UNCLE HOLDS HIM AT BAY.



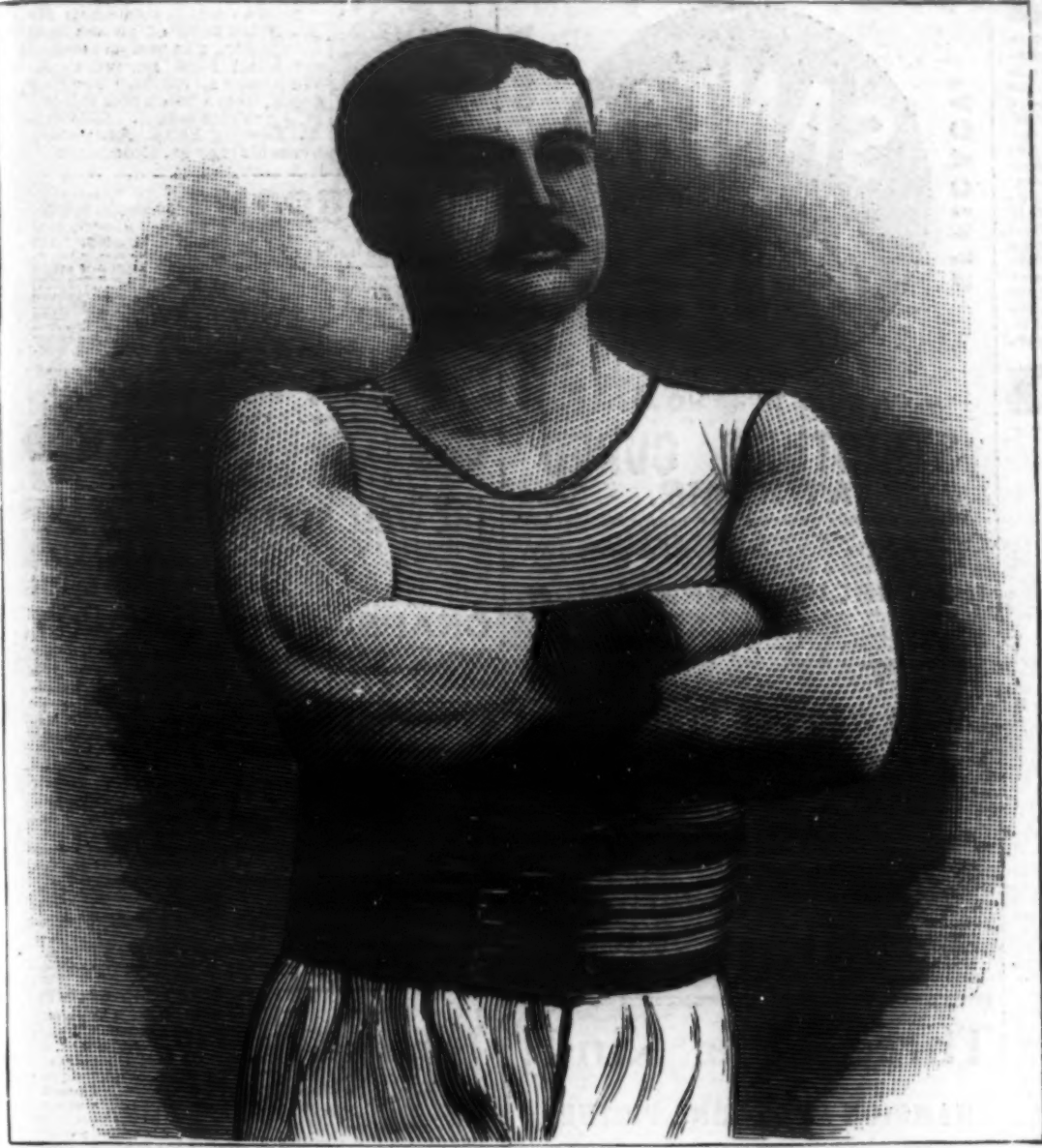
GRANT EBY.

A CHAMPION YOUNG POOL-PLAYER, KNOWN AS "THE SPRINGFIELD KID," WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED ALFRED DE ORO.



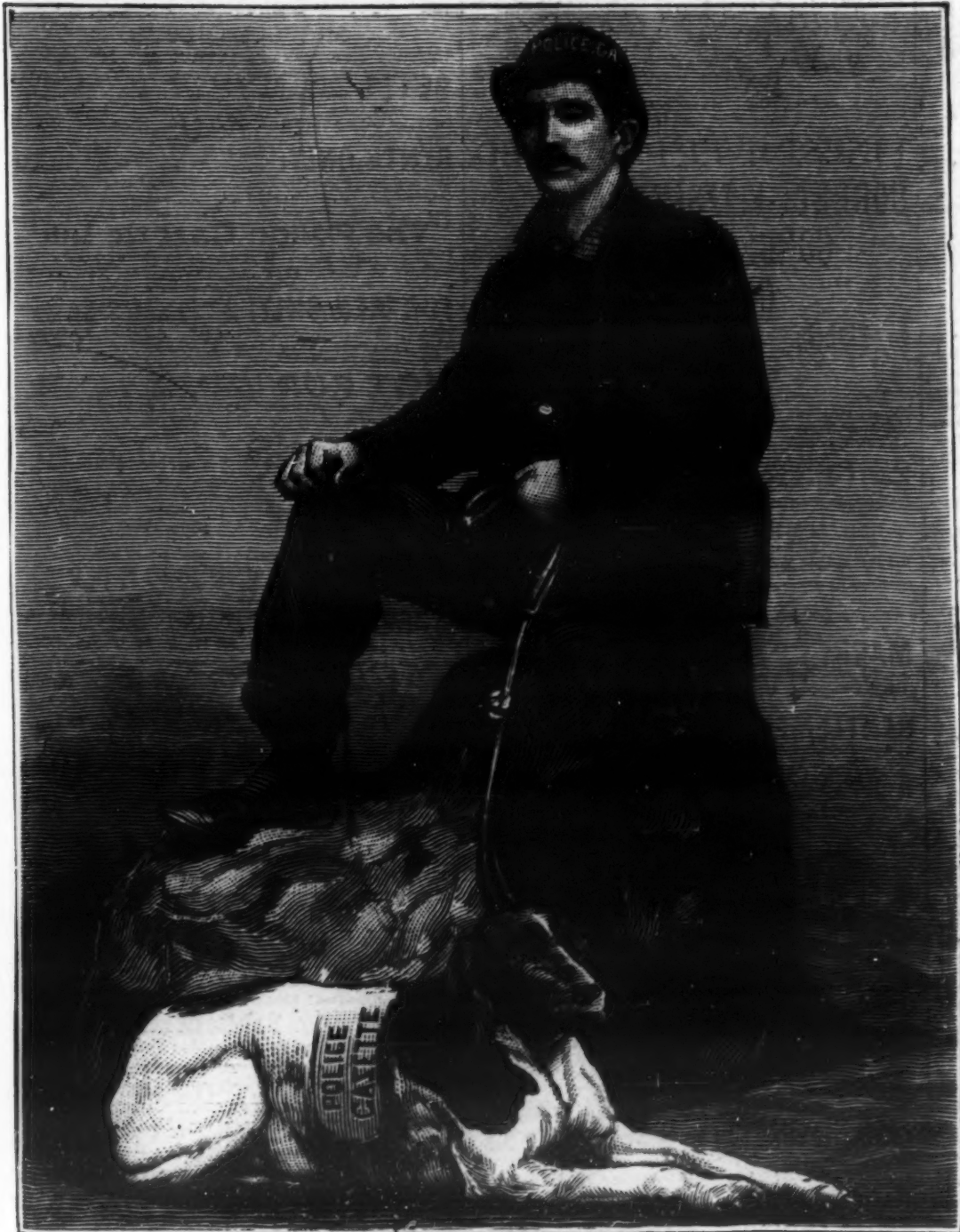
THOMAS CANTY.

CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT AND BLACKSMITH OF SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., A POPULAR AND WELL-LIKED ALDERMAN.



"MILO."

A STRONG MAN OF GREAT ABILITY, WHO IS A PUPIL OF PROFESSOR ATILA AND IS PERFECTLY WILLING TO MEET ALL COMERS.



FRED MILLER.

THE PLUCKY SAN FRANCISCO BOY, WHO RECENTLY WALKED FROM NEW ORLEANS, TO THE "POLICE GAZETTE" OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY.



HERR ALFRED BOEHM, K. C. M. L.

THE CHAMPION FLUTIST OF AUSTRALIA, ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST ADMIRER MUSICIANS OF THAT COUNTRY.



TOMMY KELLY.

A CLEVER PUGILIST, KNOWN AS THE "HOBOKEN CYCLONE," WHO IS VERY ANXIOUS TO HAVE A GO WITH TOMMY RYAN.



"MAJOR" MCKINLEY.

A DANE OF MAJESTIC PROPORTIONS WHO HAS WON NUMEROUS PRIZES AND BELONGS TO THE SOUTH BEND, IND., KENNELS.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

MEDICAL.



AN ART STUDENTS' BALL.

HOW THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WHO STUDY SCULPTURE IN GOTHAM ENJOY THEMSELVES AT MASKED DANCES AND SOME OF THE COSTUMES THEY WEAR.